



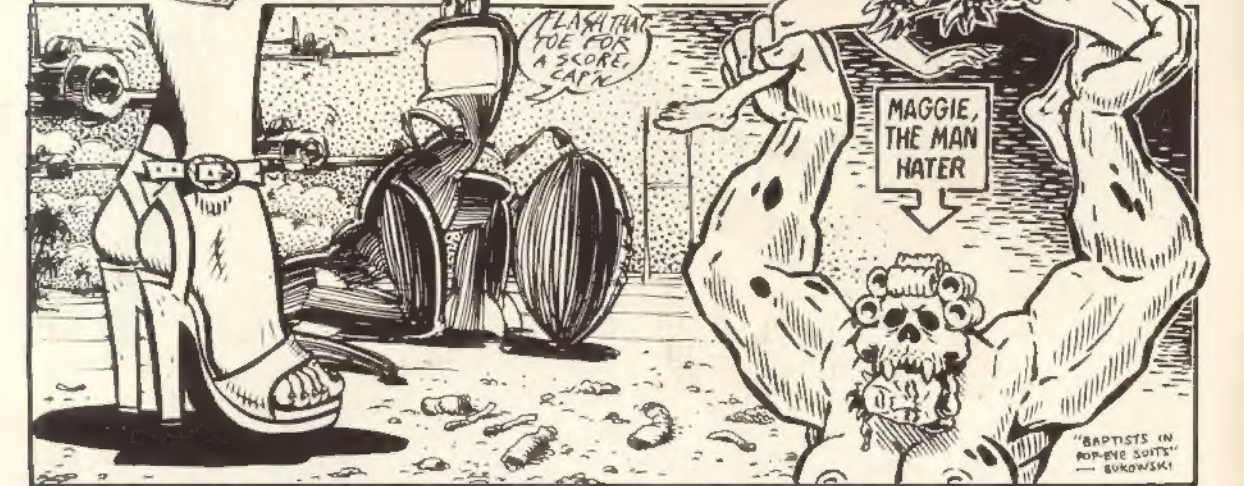
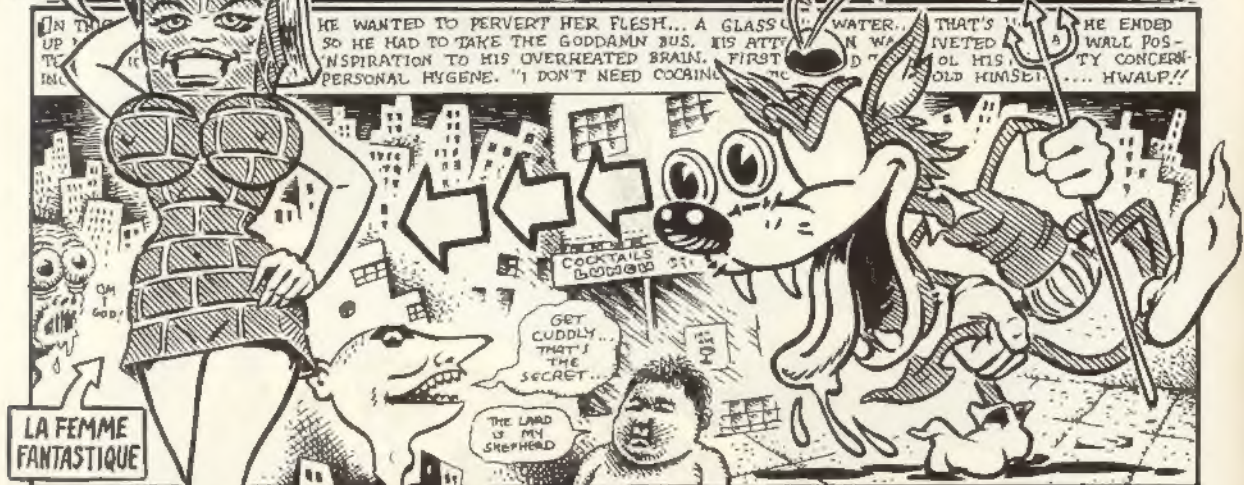
ZAP

TEN

ADULTS
ONLY
\$2.50



TOE JAM COMIX

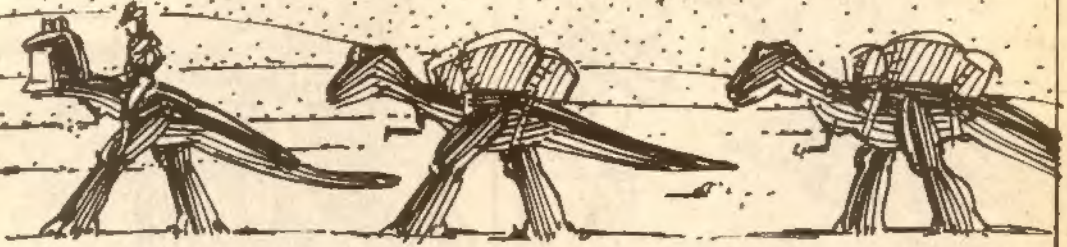


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FROM ACROSS THE PARCHED AND HOSTILE DESERT, A CARAVAN HEADS FOR

THE OASIS



IN THE DISTANCE, A FIGURE APPROACHES

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, PINO?

LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE



PURSUED BY SNARLING TIGER CARS.

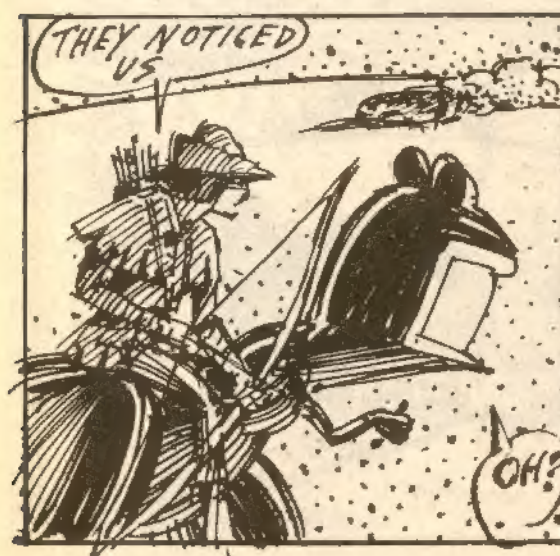
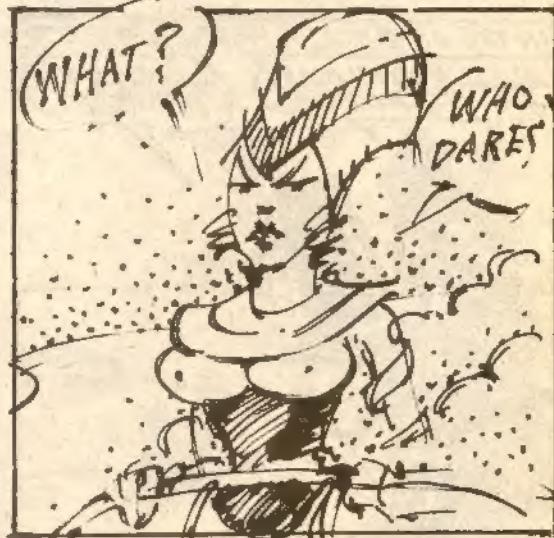
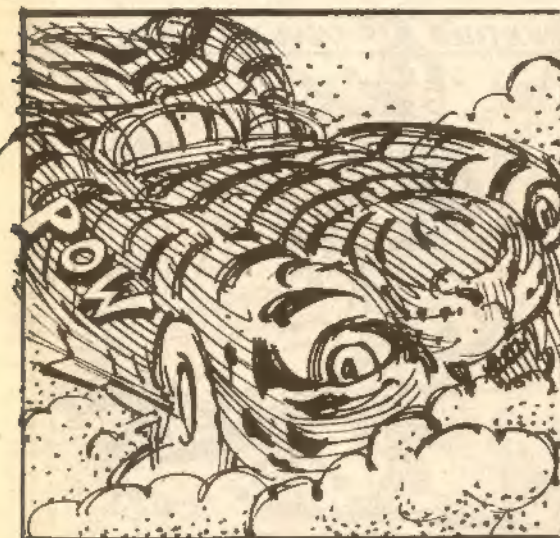
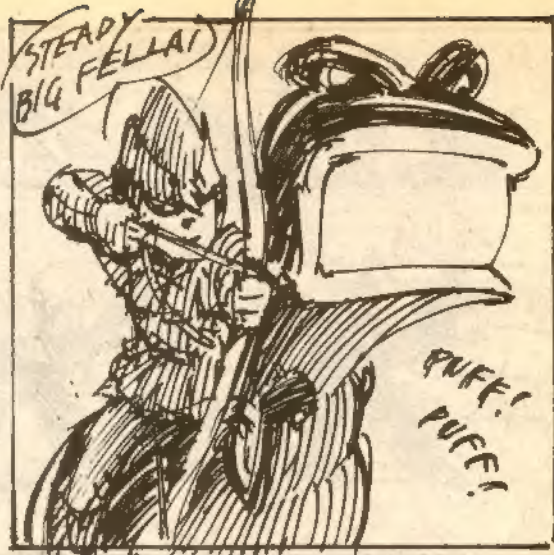


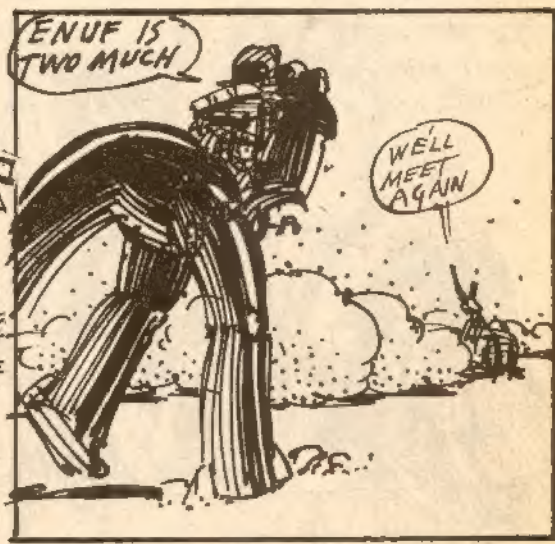
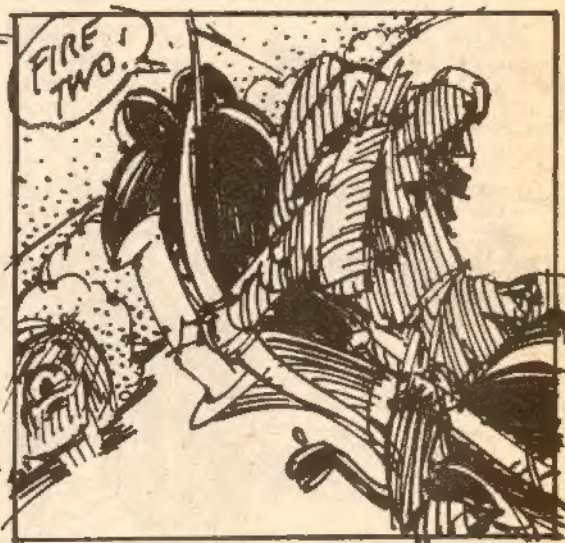
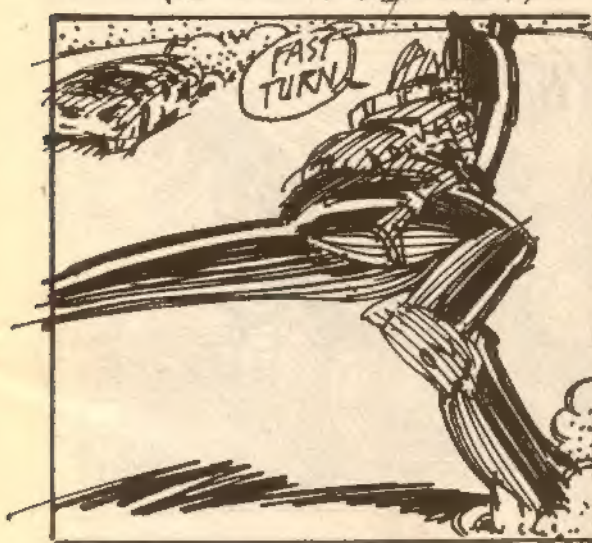
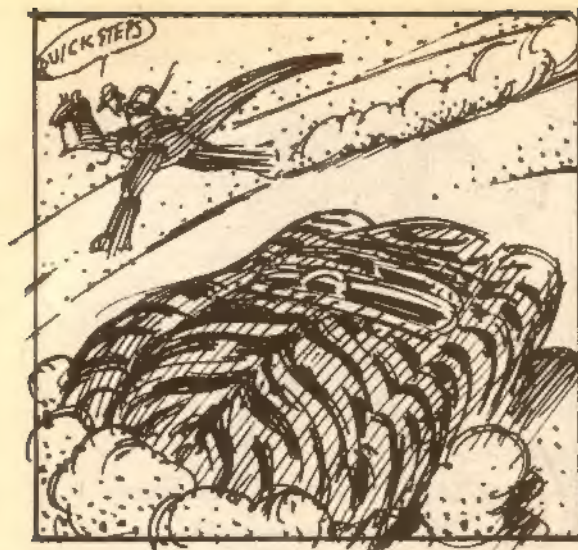
LED BY THE EVIL CRETEN PRINCE

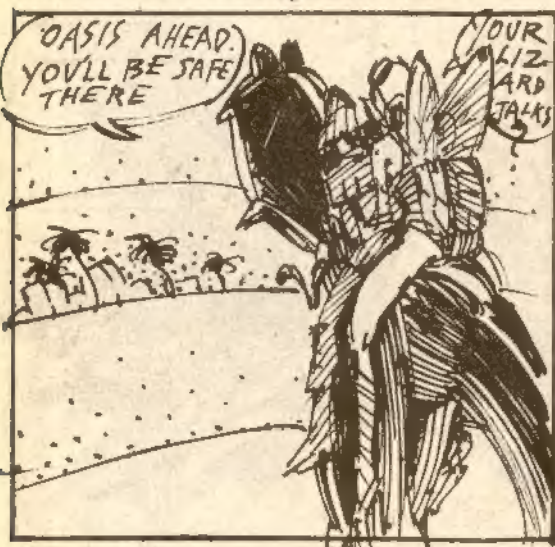
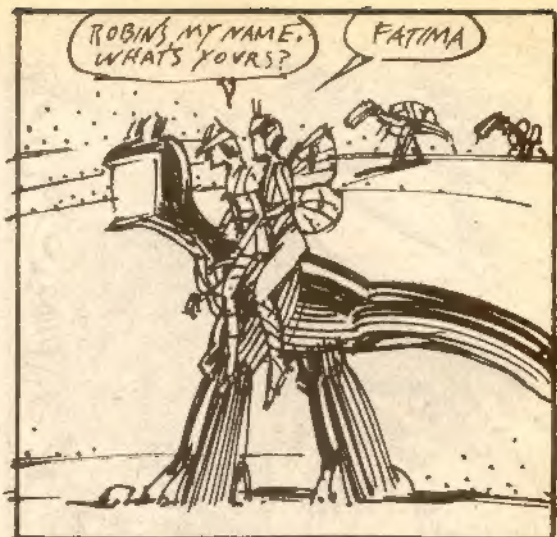


THAT LADY NEEDS OUR HELP

LET'S GO







THE EVIL PRIESTESS CAST A SPELL THAT...



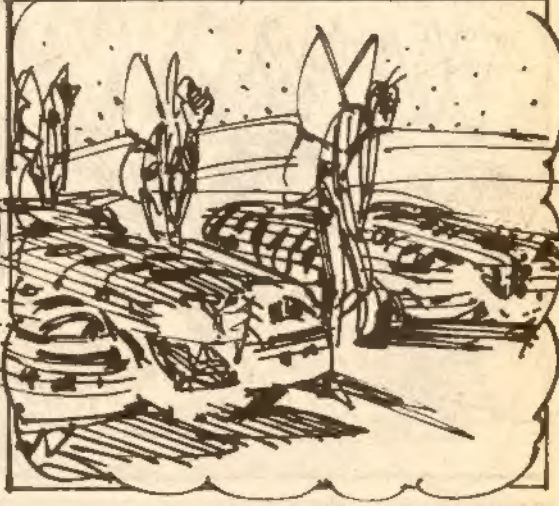
RENDERED MY PEOPLE POWERLESS TO FLY.



GROUNDED, WE WERE EASY PREY...



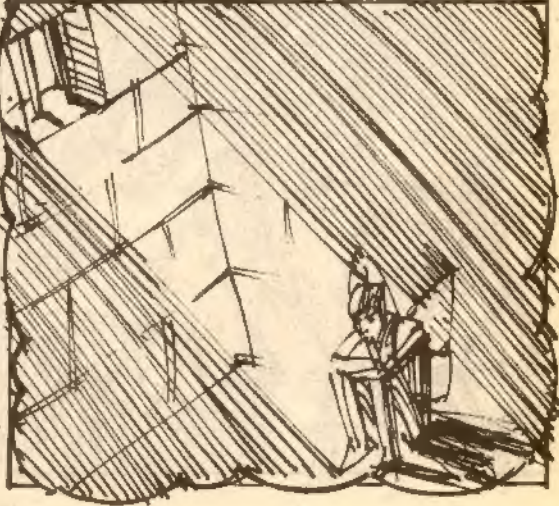
FOR HER ALLIES, THE TIGER CARS.



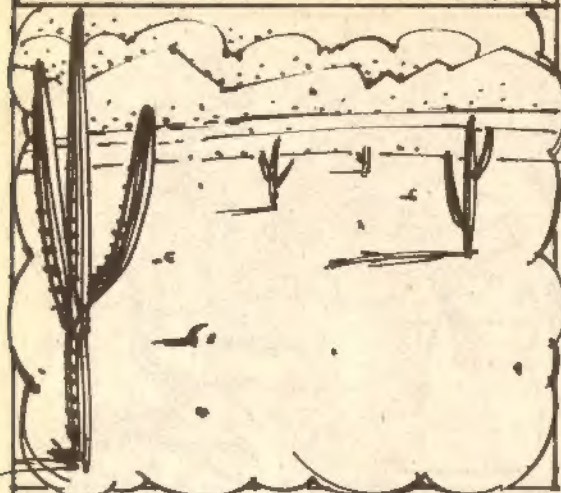
I ALONE, MANAGED TO ESCAPE...



BUT MY PRINCE IS DOOMED!



THERE IS BUT ONE HOPE! ACROSS THE BURNING DESERT



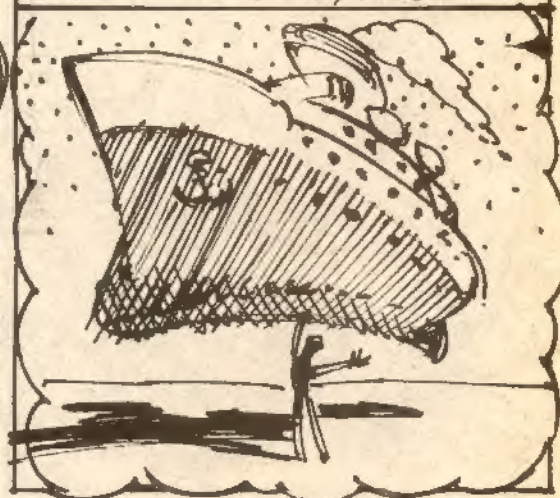
IN THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS, IN A CRYSTAL PALACE



LIES THE ORB OF ILLUSION'S WHICH GIVES...



THE POWER TO CREATE ANY ILLUSION!



IF I HAD THAT CRYSTAL I WOULD HAVE A CHANCE



I CAN HELP!

EARLY NEXT MORNING

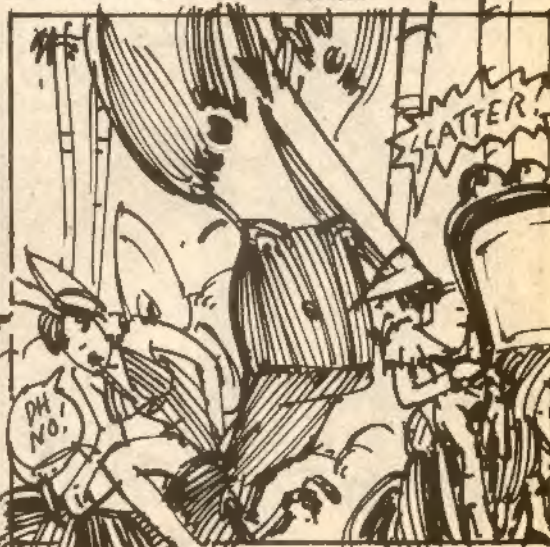
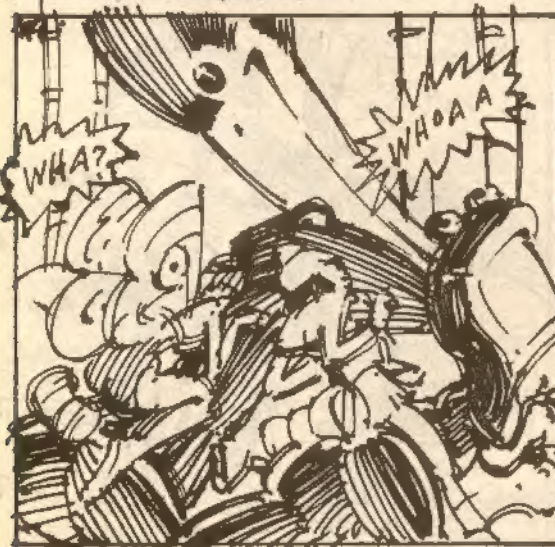
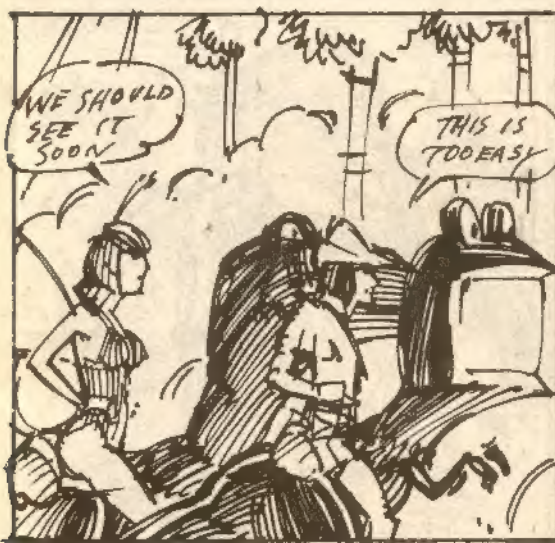


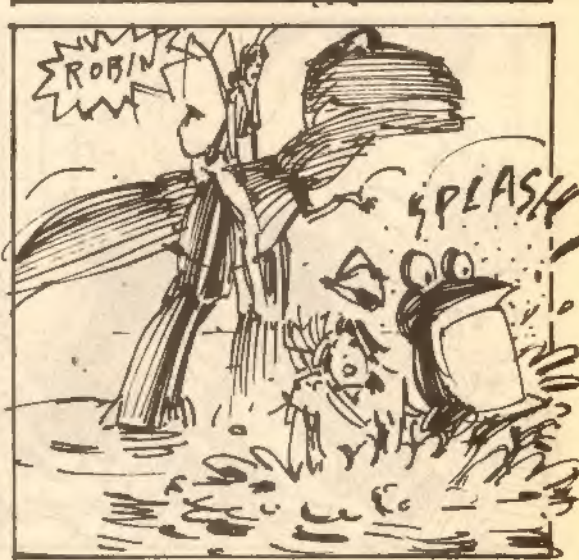
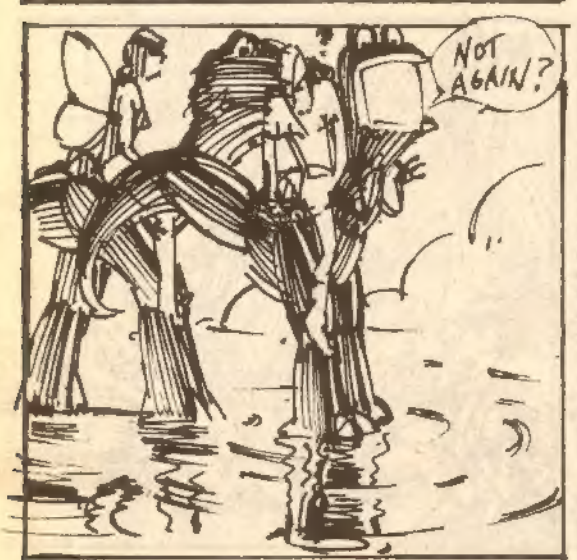
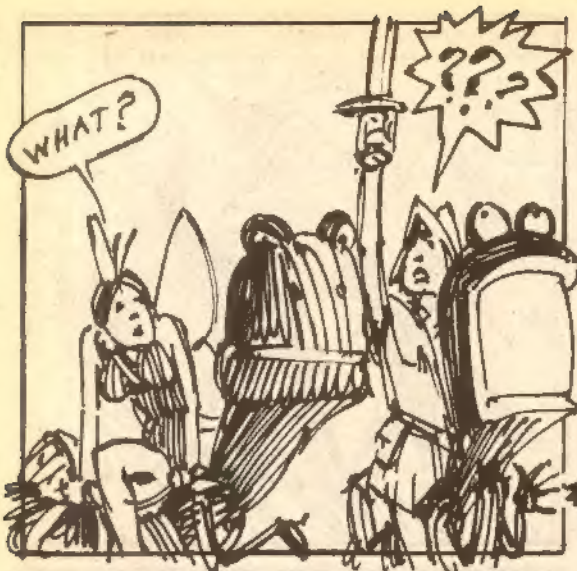
LOOSEN THAT DAMN CINCH

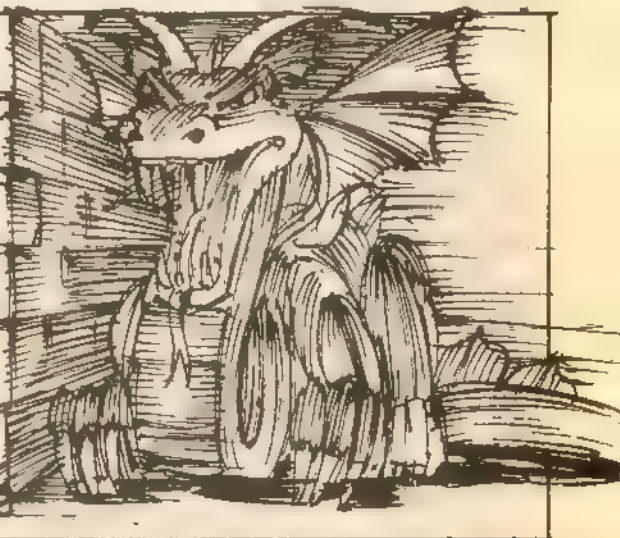
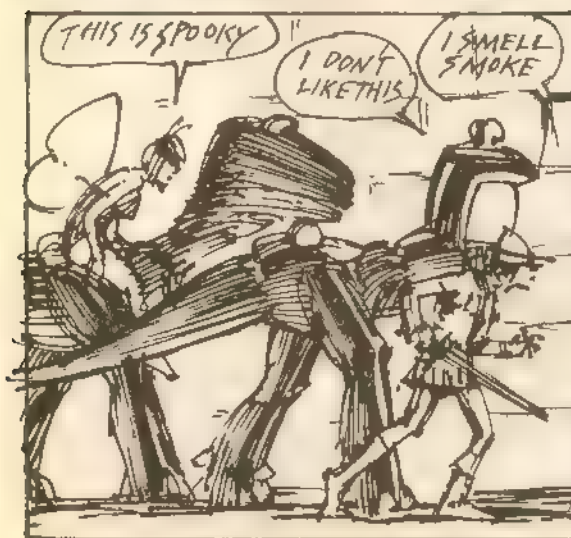
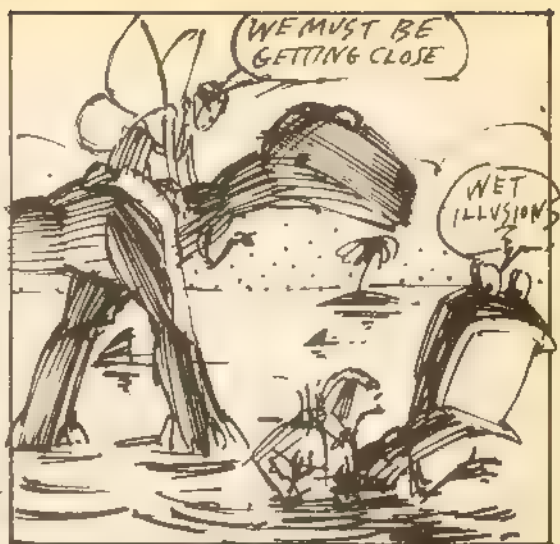
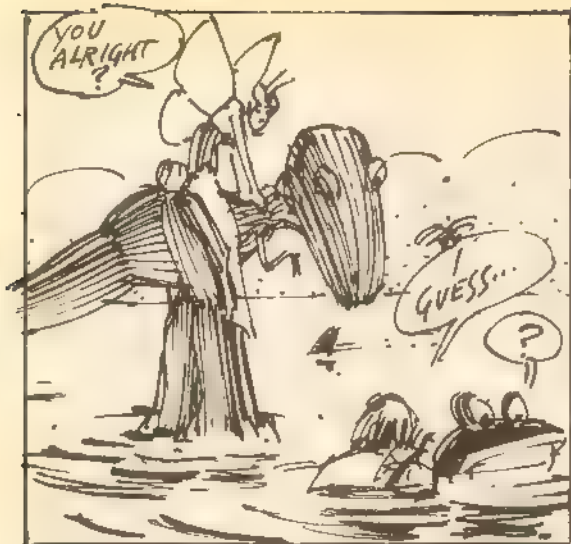
THEY BEGIN THEIR JOURNEY.



TOWARDS EVENING AND THE MOUNTAINS





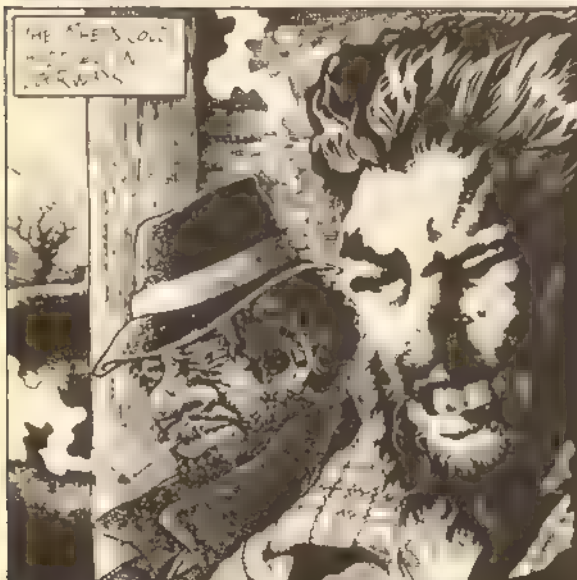
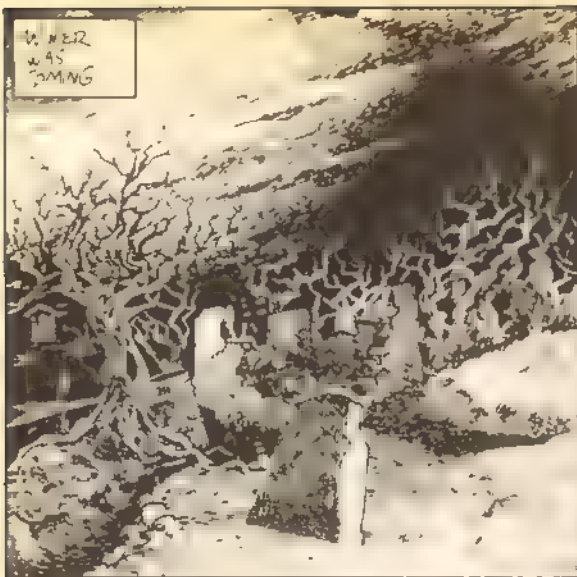




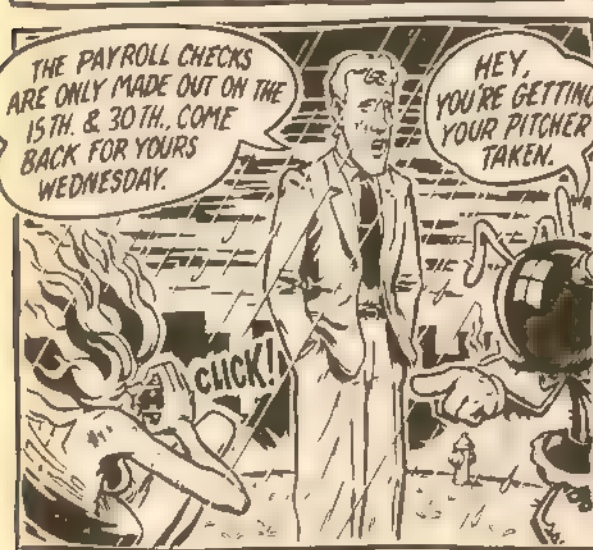
© S. C. LAYTON, SAN FRANCISCO, 1979

THE BUMS WERE STANDING AROUND KILLING TIME THEMSELVES BELCHING SCRATCHING FARTING PUKING PASSING THE JUG PASSING OUT





ONLY COOCHY COOTY CAN BRING LIGHT TO AN ACCURSED DARK MYSTERY IN ...



EARLY WEDNESDAY MORNING

MR OBERHOLSTER
INSTRUCTED ME TO
COME BACK BY THIS
MORNING FOR MY
CHECK FROM FRIDAY.

REFRIED BEANS
30¢

I DON'T SEE A
"COOCHY COOTY"
ON THE PAYROLL
& MR. OBERHOLSTER
HAS BEEN GONE

JELLO &
LIVER
BURRITO
AS U LIKE IT
50¢

NOT "GONE" BUT
"MISSING" FELLA! MISSING
SINCE FRIDAY!

SO WHAT THE
HELL'S THAT TO ME?
I'M NOT HIS FUCKIN'
KEEPER!!!

OH, THAT
LANGUAGE!

AFTER A
WARM
INTERVIEW

POLICE

...AND WATCH YOUR
GODDAMNED LANGUAGE!

HERE IT IS.
READ ALL
ABOUT IT!...

...ANOTHER
MYSTERIOUS
DISAPPEARANCE!

IT LOOKS
LIKE MORE
RAIN &...

HEY, I
KNOW THAT
PERSON!

SAY BUDDY,
WHERE HAVE
I SEEN YOU
BEFORE?

HOLD IT, PAL,
I THINK I
RECOGNIZE YOU!

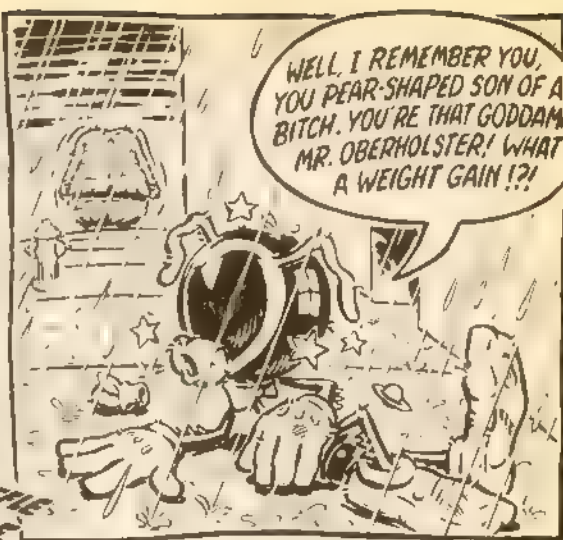
SHUFFLE
SHUFFLE

SHUFFLE
SHUFFLE

I'M NOT FAMILIAR
WITH THAT SPECKLED
GREEN COMPLEXION & BAD
BREATH?! DON'T YOU
REMEMBER ME?



WELL, I REMEMBER YOU,
YOU PEAR-SHAPED SON OF A
BITCH. YOU'RE THAT GODDAMN
MR. OBERHOLSTER! WHAT
A WEIGHT GAIN!?!



AN HOUR
LATER
STILL IN
THE RAIN

THE BAMBOO TIKI
MOTORLODGE
ALWAYS A VACANCY

ADULT
VIDEO
CASSETTES

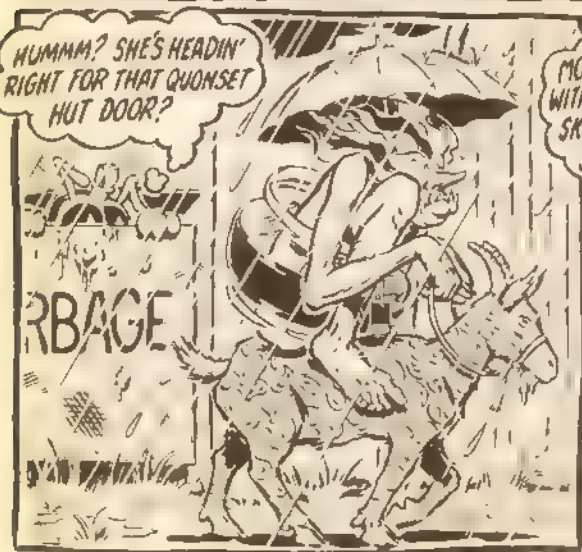
HE'S CUT A
STRAIGHT BEELINE CLEAR
ACROSS TOWN TO A RUSTY
METAL QUONSET HUT
BEHIND A MOTEL!?



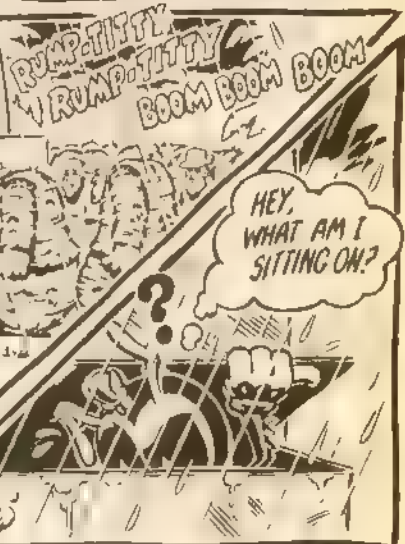
DAMN! HERE COMES THAT "HAG
SHUTTER-BUG THAT CAN'T STAND-UP"
ON THE BACK OF A PAISLEY
GOAT!?!



HUMMM? SHE'S HEADIN'
RIGHT FOR THAT QUONSET
HUT DOOR?



MORE FAT PEOPLE
WITH DAPPLED GREEN
SKIN. WHAT A PORTLY
SPECTACLE!



HEY,
WHAT AM I
SITTING ON?

...“OPOSSUM PEE MAKES A WEASEL SWOON,
FROZEN POULTRY WON'T BE THAWED TIL NOON.”...

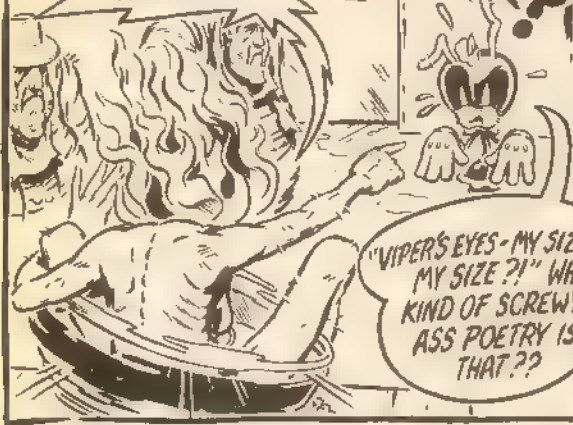
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM

I ACCUSE YOU OF TRANSFORMING ALL THESE BUSINESSMEN INTO "CANNIBLE-ZOMBIES"!

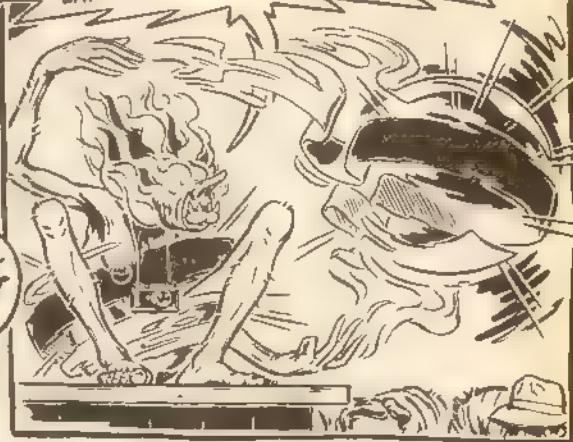
SLURP!

MUNCH!

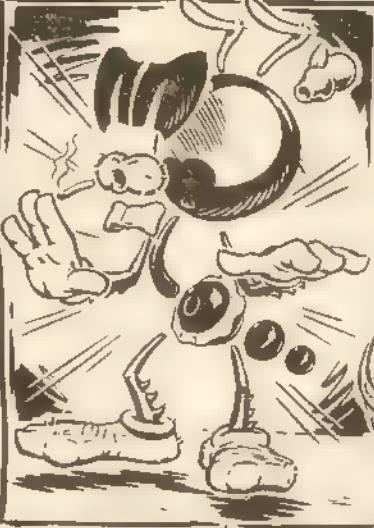
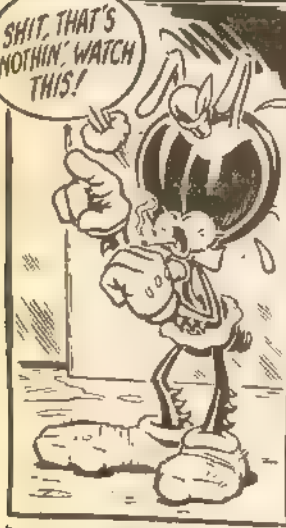
"VIPER'S EYES-MY SIZE- MY SIZE,
SOUP OF TEARS- THE GOOSEHAWK
NEARS..."



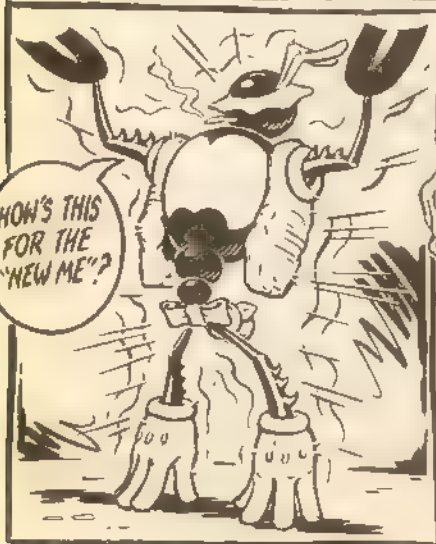
"WADDLE ON THE EMBERS, WADDLE ON THE COALS,
EARS IN THE MONKEY BROTH TEN DAYS OLD..."



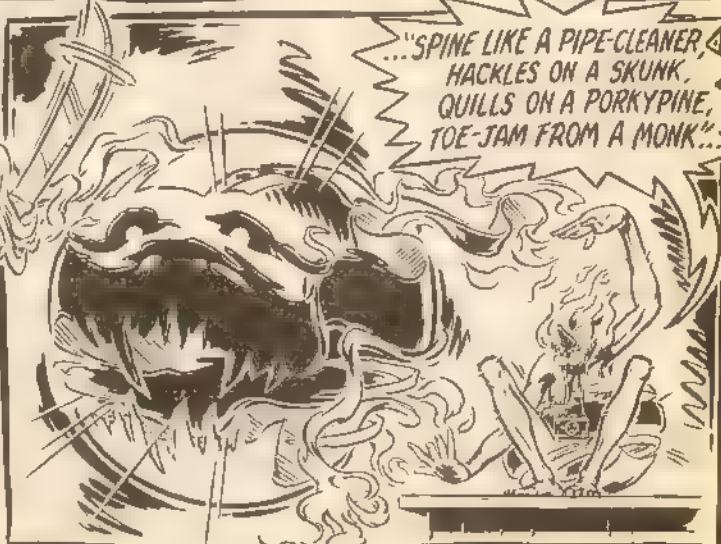
SHIT, THAT'S
NOTHIN' WATCH
THIS!

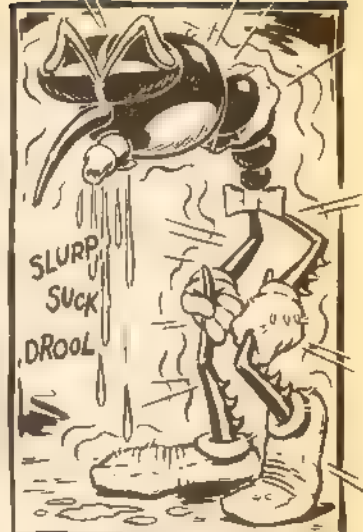
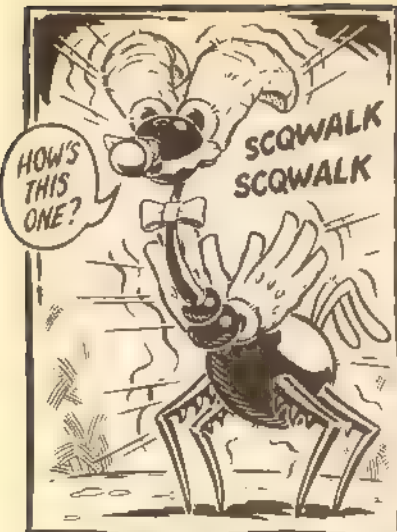


HOW'S THIS
FOR THE
"NEW ME"?



"...SPINE LIKE A PIPE-CLEANER,
HACKLES ON A SKUNK,
QUILLS ON A PORCYPINE,
TOE-JAM FROM A MONK..."

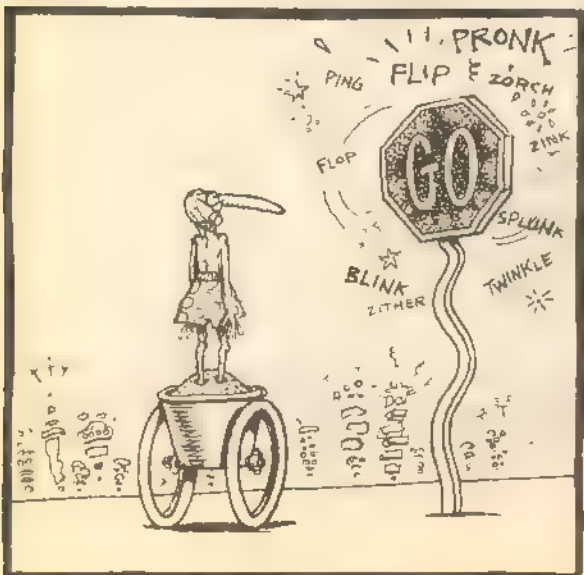
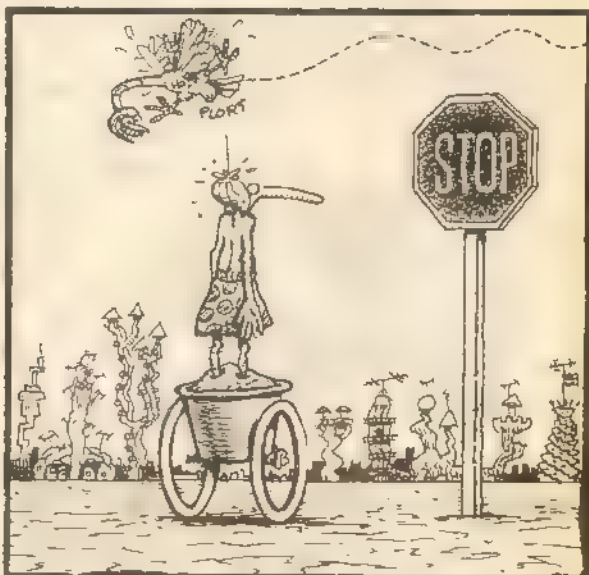
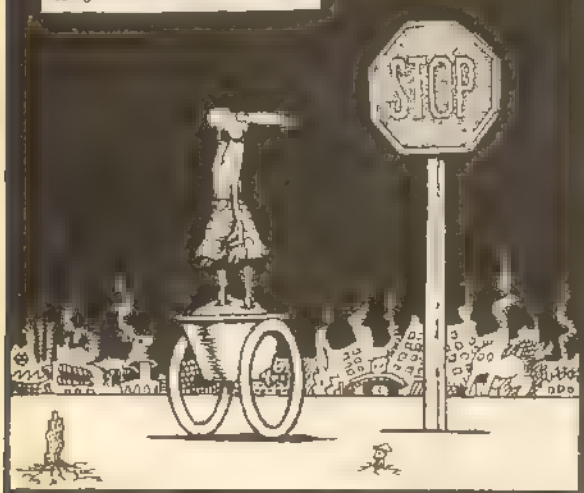


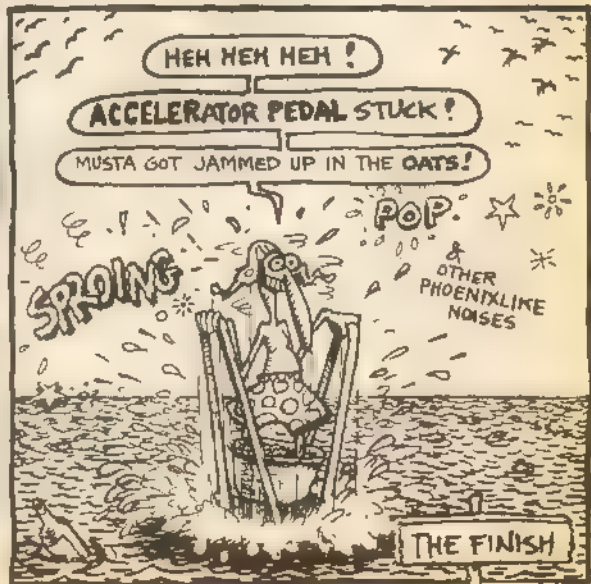
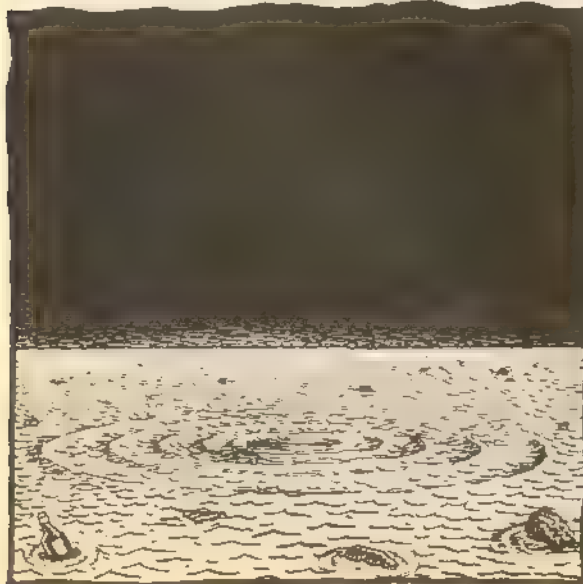
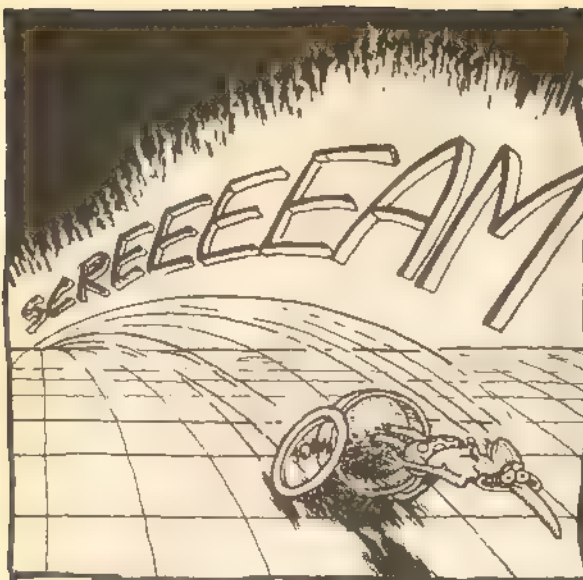


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Note. OAT WILLIE ALWAYS obeys the TRAFFIC LAW.



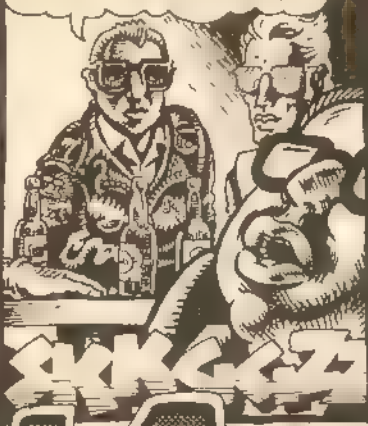


FRIDAY NITE AT FRANK'S "CASA SAVOY" SOME TIME IN THE EARLY SIXTIES

FAT FRANK IS SNORIN' AGAIN

LOOK AT THAT FAT PIG, I'D LIKE TO RUN OVER THERE AND PISS IN HIS MOUTH

COMING DOWN HERE FROM THE "JAMESTOWN" SOME GUY IN A CONVERTABLE CUT ME OFF, I GOT IM AT THE NEXT LIGHT



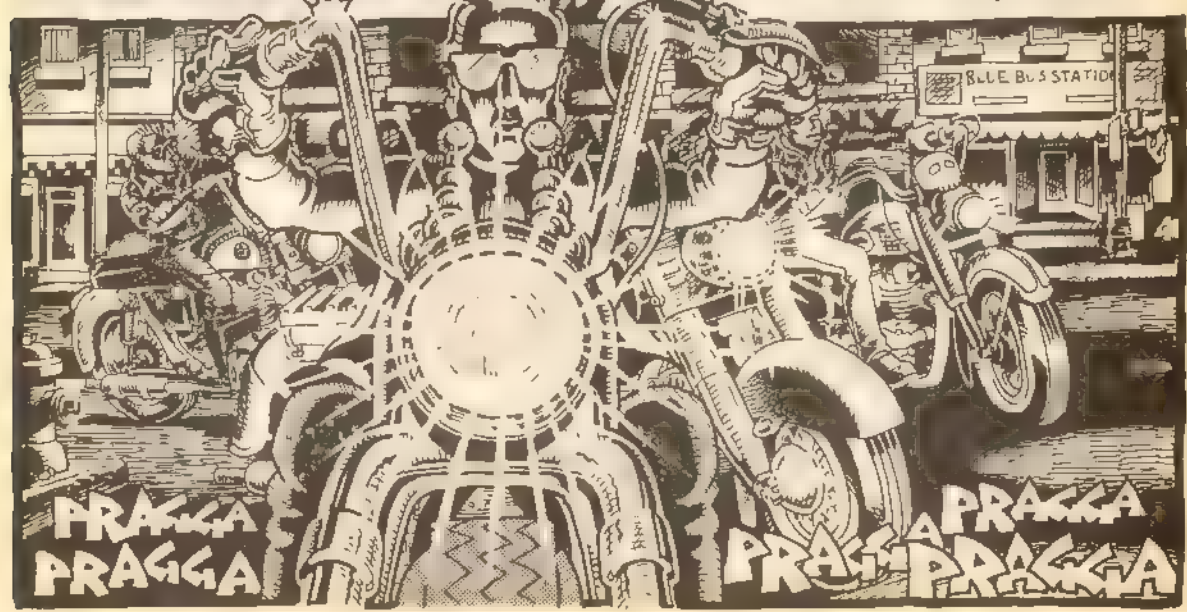
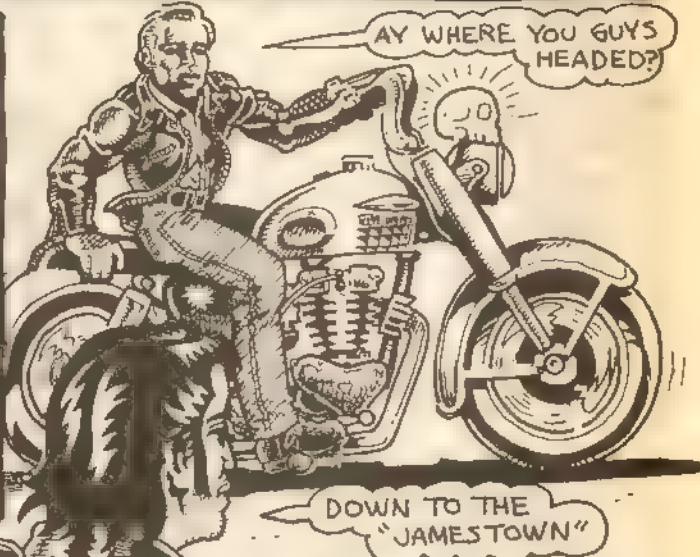
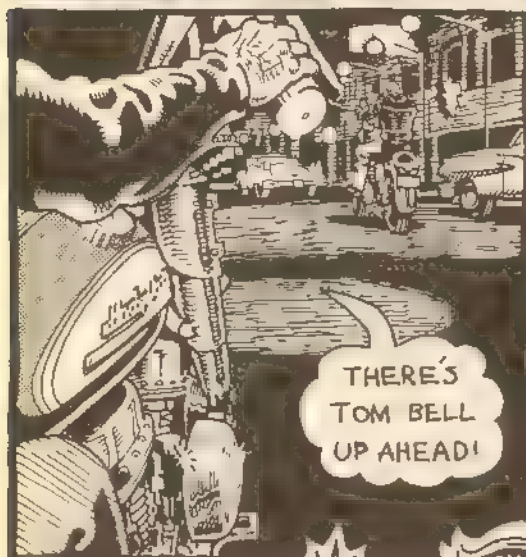
Hard-Ass Friday Nite

WHEN IM OUT THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET BEATIN' SOME FUCKER WITH A CHAIN I WANT ALL THOSE PEOPLE TO SEE "ROAD VULTURES M.C." ON MY BACK

FUCKIN' SCUMBAG!

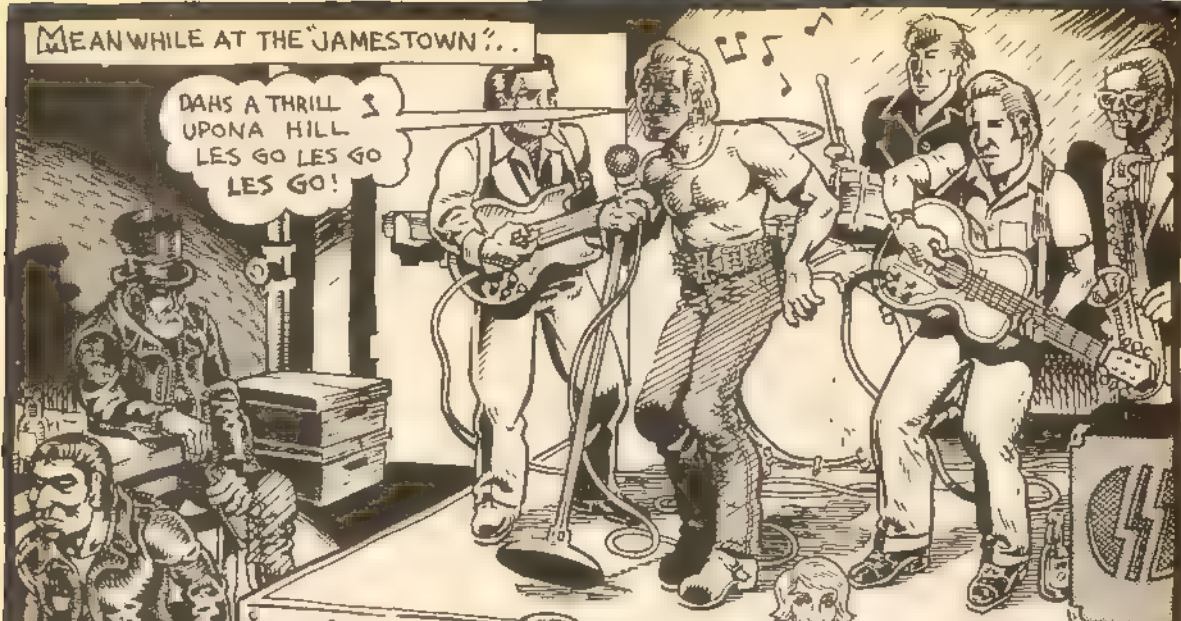


SPAIN



MEANWHILE AT THE "JAMESTOWN"...

DAHS A THRILL
UPONA HILL
LES GO LES GO
LES GO!



SOMEBODY COMES DOWN
HARD ON THE FOURTH STEP



SOON EVERYBODY TAKES UP THE
BEAT UNTIL THE JOINT RESOUNDS



TO THE SOUND OF DOZENS
OF STOMPING FEET



AN OFF THE WALL REMARK



PROVOKES VIOLENCE.



INEVITABLY, IT SPREADS QUICK



BILL MARTINO HOPS DOWN FROM THE STAGE



HEY!
WHERE
YA GOIN'?

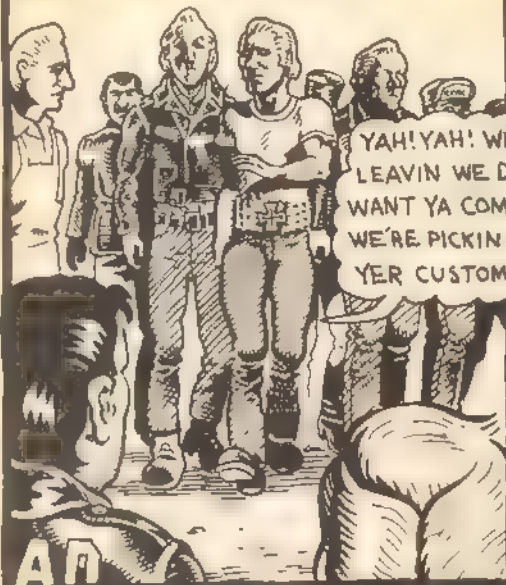


AT THAT MOMENT..

THE PLACE IS
REALLY GOIN' TONITE



BUT WHEN THEY WALK IN...



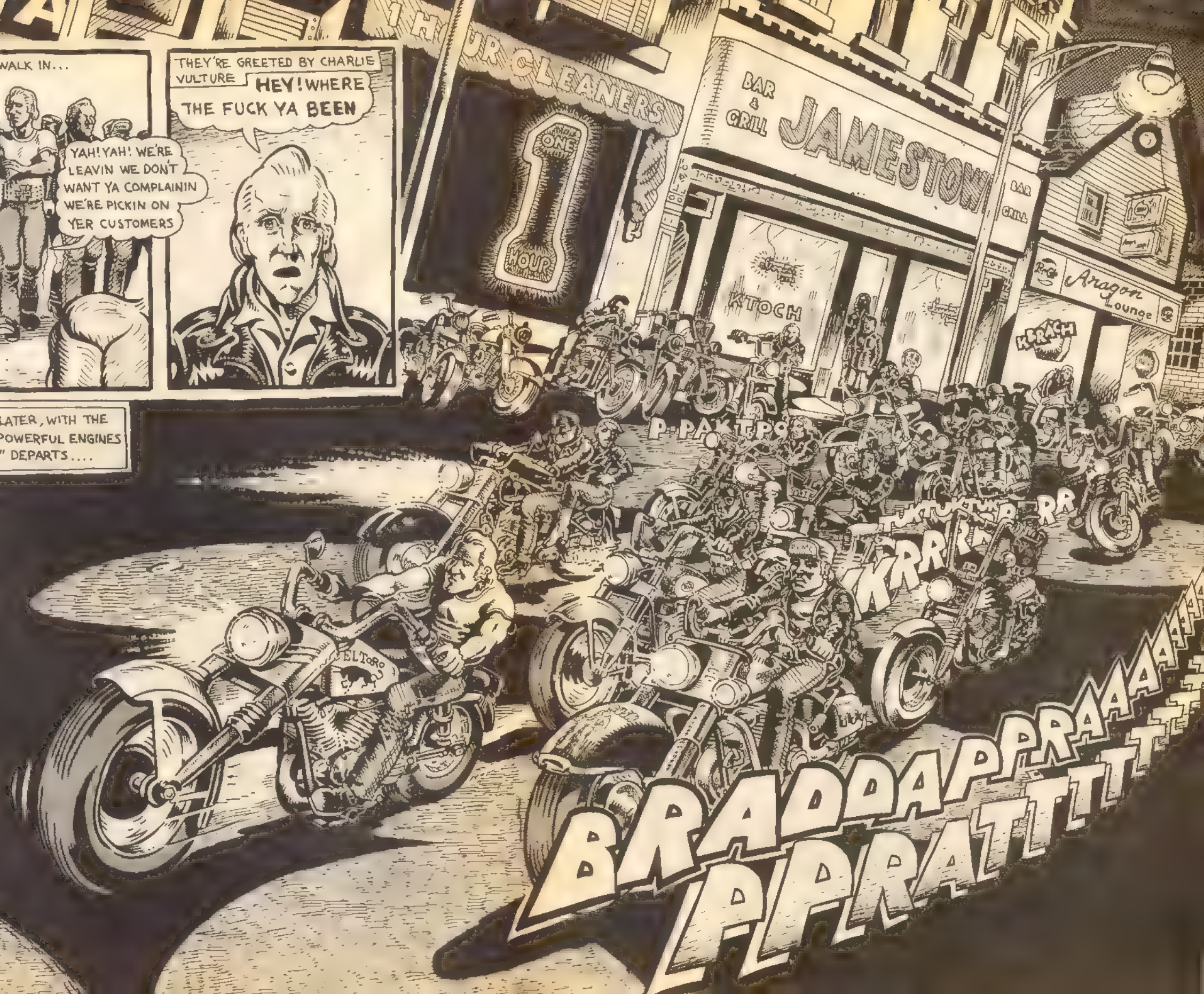
YAH! YAH! WE'RE
LEAVIN WE DON'T
WANT YA COMPLAININ
WE'RE PICKIN ON
YER CUSTOMERS

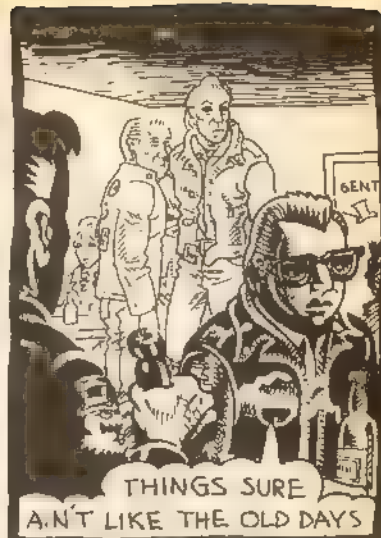
THEY'RE GREETED BY CHARLIE
VULTURE

HEY! WHERE
THE FUCK YA BEEN



SECONDS LATER, WITH THE
ROAR OF POWERFUL ENGINES
"THE CLUB" DEPARTS....





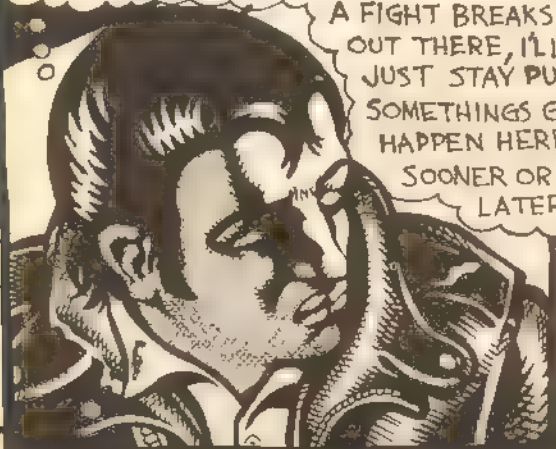
TIME GOES BY SLOW AT THE "CASA SAVOY" HE PASSES THE HOURS WITH "TONAWANDA PETE"



SEE DIS TATOO? YOU GO ANYWHERE IN DA WORLD YOU SEE SOMEONE WIT DIS TATOO, YOU TELL HIM YOU KNOW "TONAWANDA PETE" AND HE'LL SET YOU UP WIT FOOD DRINK ANY TING YOU WANT



I GO OVER TO THE JAMESTOWN; THE ACTION'S OVER HERE. I COME HERE; A FIGHT BREAKS OUT THERE, I'LL JUST STAY PUT. SOMETHINGS GOTTA HAPPEN HERE SOONER OR LATER



AFTERWHILE



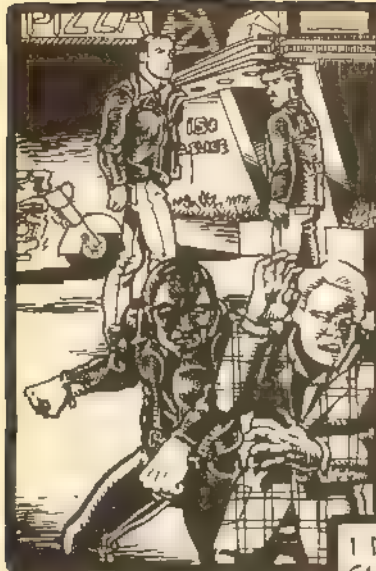
WHEN HE GETS BACK...

WHERE THE FUCK WERE YOU? THESE THREE GUYS CAME IN HERE LOOKING FOR IT AN' WE HADDA KICK THEIR ASS



SUDDENLY PETE SWINGS INTO ACTION





CONTRARY TO GENERAL BELIEF THE "MAULING OF WIMPS" WAS NOT CONDONED, HOWEVER THEIR WAS NO SHORTAGE OF OBLIGING BRAWLERS WILLING TO SATISFY THE VIOLENT APPETITES OF THE "R.V.M.C." SO IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE IT CAME.....

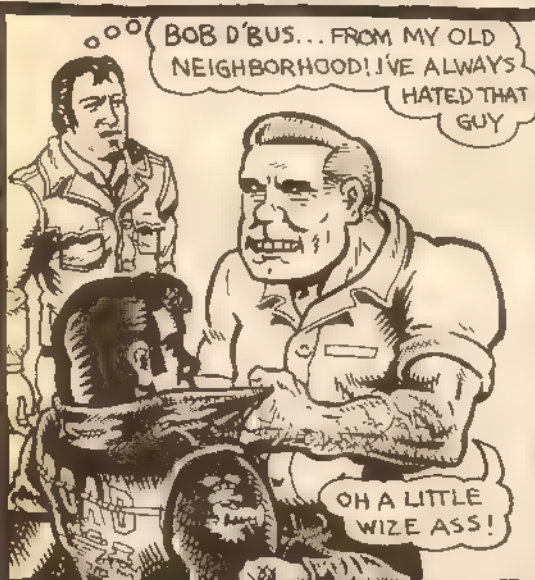


BY NOT KICKING THE GUY ON THE FLOOR, HE HAD FAILED TO SHOW "CLUB SPIRIT". NOW DURING A DULL WEEK DAY AT THE "AUFWEIDERZEIN" HE BROODED

AY! WHY DON'T YOU STOP LOOKIN' LIKE A JERK AND GO GET A HAIRCUT



THIS THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED BY AN ARGUMENT AT THE END OF THE BAR SOMEONE IS GIVING FELLOW CLUB MEMBER, BOBBY DE CARLO A HARD TIME



OH A LITTLE WIZE ASS!



THATS RIGHT MOTHER FUCKER!



BROWN SHOES
NOW HE HAD SHOWN TRUE "CLUB SPIRIT"



The miser and The kidnapped water-head baby.

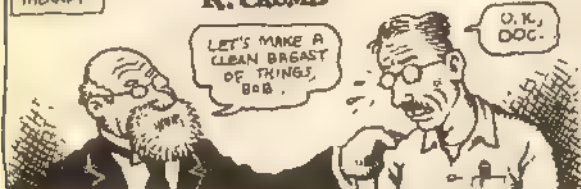
ANOTHER "TRUE CONFESSION" BY
YOUR FAVORITE NEUROTIC CARTOONIST —

MY TROUBLES WITH WOMEN

BY
R. CROMB

©1980

COMICS
THERAPY



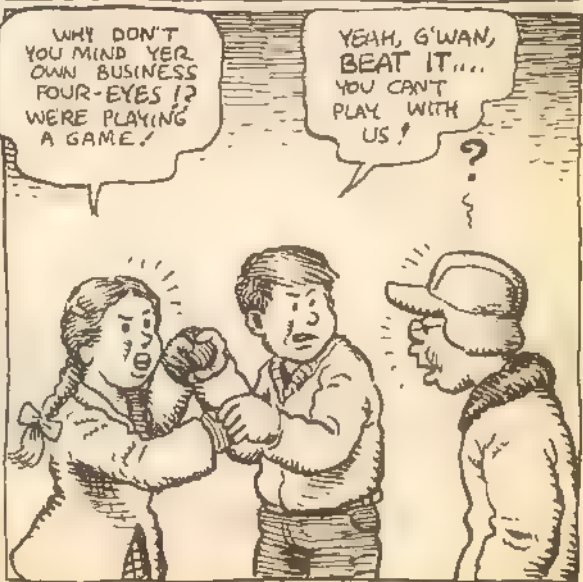
THEN THINGS GOT WORSE... CATHOLIC SCHOOL
ADDED NEW TWISTS TO MY PSYCHE...



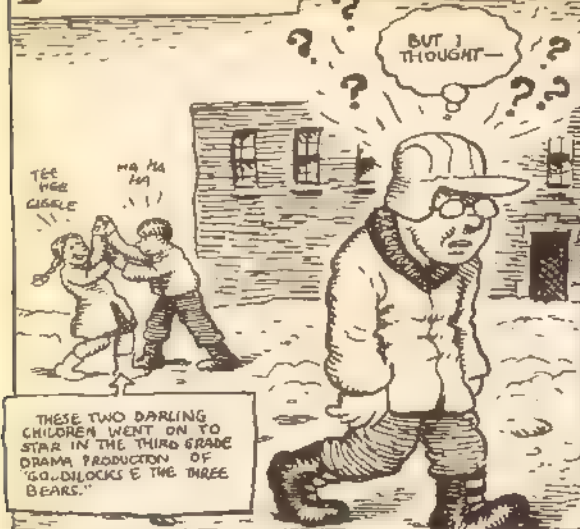
EVEN AS A TINY TOT THERE WAS ALREADY
SOMETHING UNSAVORY ABOUT MY PERSONALITY...



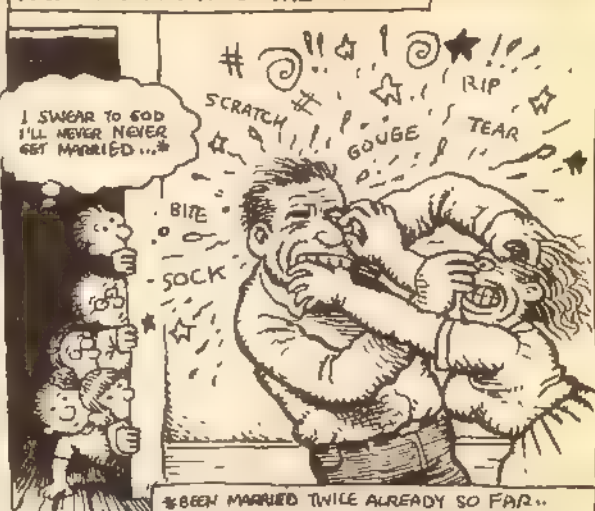
LIFE WAS FULL OF CONTRADICTIONS.....
AN INCIDENT IN THIRD GRADE...



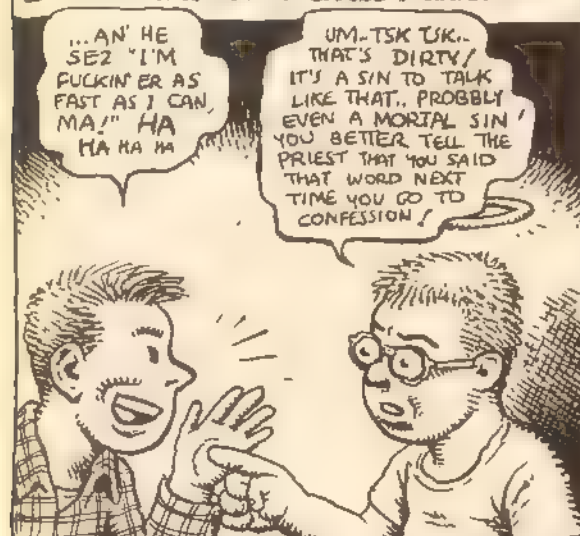
I DIDN'T GET IT...



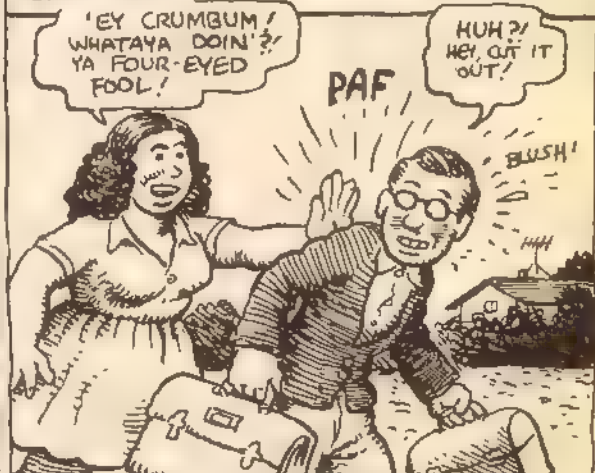
MEANWHILE, AT HOME, MOM 'N' DAD WERE MAKING A BAD IMPRESSION ON THE KIDS...



I BECAME A REPRESSED LITTLE PURITAN...



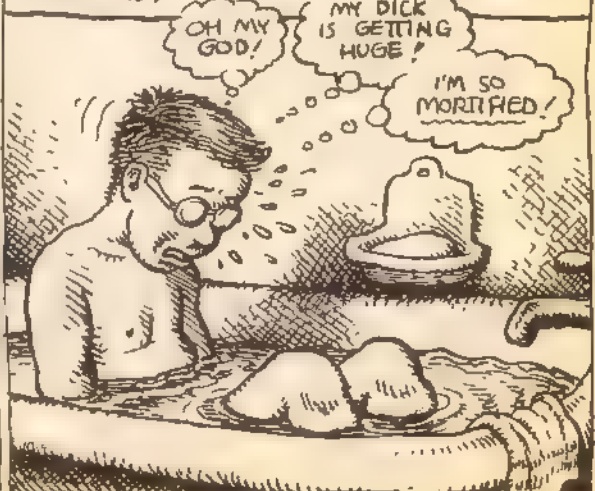
IN SEVENTH GRADE THERE WAS A BIG MEXICAN GIRL WHO LIKED ME FOR SOME REASON. HER NAME WAS ANITA AND SHE WAS KNOWN AS A "BAD" GIRL...



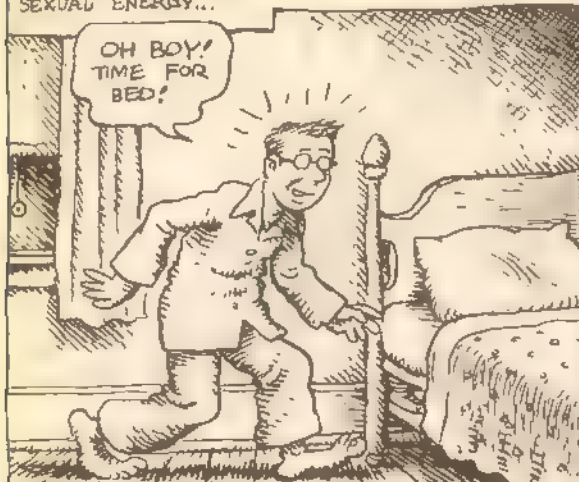
I WAS TOO SHY TO RESPOND TO HER PLAYFUL OVERTURES, EVEN THOUGH I LIKED HER...



THEN CAME PUBERTY... I WAS SHOCKED... NOBODY TOLD ME GROWING UP WOULD BE LIKE THIS!



AT THE SAME TIME, I COULDN'T WAIT TO GO TO BED BECAUSE I HAD SUDDENLY DEVELOPED A RICH FANTASY LIFE UTILIZING MY NEWLY AWAKENED SEXUAL ENERGY...



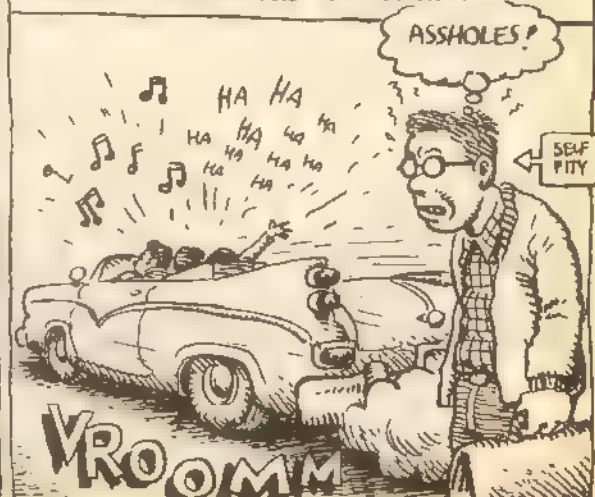
MY FAVORITE FANTASY AT THE TIME WAS BASED ON A TV SHOW CALLED "SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE." SHE WAS A BIG BLOND AMAZON...JUST MY TYPE!



IN EIGHTH GRADE I TRIED TO COMPETE FOR THE ATTENTIONS OF THE POPULAR GIRLS BUT OF COURSE I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING...



IT WASN'T EXACTLY ONE OF THE "ALPHA" MALES... BUT I HAD A BIG EGO...I BECAME BITTER AND RESENTFUL TOWARD THE "IN" CROWD...



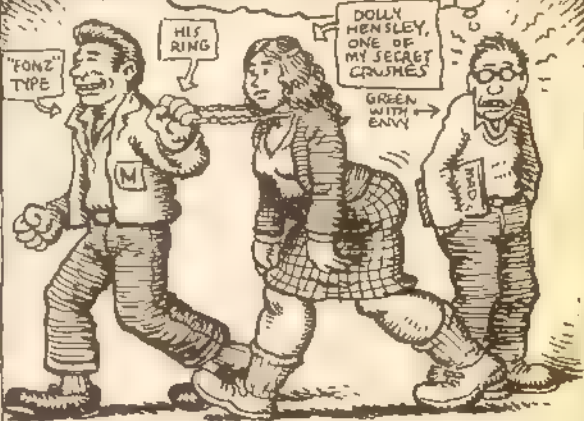
THROUGH THE REST OF MY TEEN YEARS I THOUGHT MYSELF THE MOST UNFORTUNATE SOUL ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH... SPENT HOURS BROODING OVER THE LOUSY DEAL LIFE HAD HANDED ME...

I'LL BECOME A GREAT ARTIST... THEN THEY'LL BE SORRY THEY REJECTED ME!

I DID HAVE SOME BEAUTIFUL BROODING PLACES..

PLUS, I WAS "HORNY" EVERY SECOND OF THE WAKING DAY...

WHY IS IT THAT GIRLS ALWAYS GO FOR THE MEANEST JEKINTEST GUNS??



HEY, HOW 'BOUT THOSE "HAPPY DAYS"?

IF ONLY I KNEW THEN WHAT I KNOW NOW!!

WHATTA THEY SEE IN A BIG DUM BLOW HARD LIKE HIM?? I'M SMARIER, KINDER, MORE INTERESTING..

BUCKY SULLIVAN MY MOST HATED ENEMY

NECK HOLD

I DIDN'T REALIZE YET THAT I WAS ALSO "SENSITIVE"

GIRLS LIKED TO CONFIDE IN ME... I WAS SOME-ONE WHO WAS UNDERSTANDING, SYMPATHETIC..

.. HE'S SO CON-CEITED, SO ARROGANT! LISTEN TO WHAT HE DID TA ME YESTI-DAY!

KAREN, YOU DESERVE BETTER IN LIFE THAN THAT!



OH, ROBERT, YOU'RE SUCH A NICE BOY... I WISH I COULD TALK TO MIKE ABOUT THINGS LIKE THIS... HE WON'T LISTEN TO ME... HE ALWAYS TELLS ME TO SHUT UP... HE DOESN'T GIVE ME ANY CREDIT. HE'S SO CUTE, HE THinks HE'S THE BLANK SLATE YAKITY YAK.

"NICE BOY" THAT'S ME... AND WHERE DO "NICE" GUYS FINISH??

ANOTHER THING THAT USED TO GET MY GOAT WAS THE WAY GIRLS WOULD MOON OVER THE MOST OBNOXIOUS STRUTTING BANTY-ROOSTER ROCK STARS, MOVIE STARS, ETC.

SIGH... HE'S SO-O-O DREAMY!

ARGH!

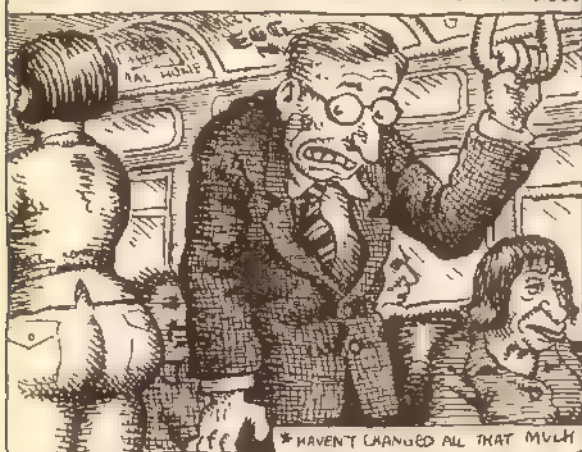
DAN-DRUFF



FRONT TOOTH MISSING

I'M TELLING YOU, I WAS ACQUIRING A LOW OPINION OF WOMEN!

BY AGE TWENTY I WAS A SEETHING SEX PERVERT WEIRDO, OBSESSED WITH SICK, TWISTED SEX FANTASIES WHICH HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH REALITY* THE REALITY WAS THAT I HADN'T EVEN KISSED A GIRL YET! I WAS A DESPERATE MAN



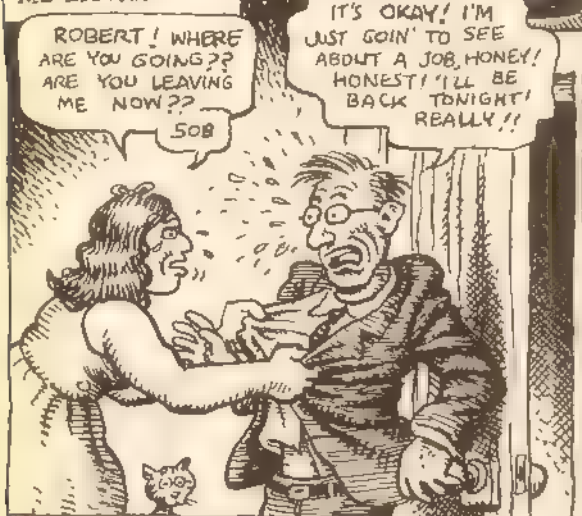
*HAVEN'T CHANGED ALL THAT MUCH

THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS MARRIED..



MY FATHER ALWAYS SAID I'D MARRY THE FIRST ONE THAT CAME ALONG!

IT'S HARD TO SAY WHO WAS MORE NEUROTIC, ME OR HER...



ROBERT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?? ARE YOU LEAVING ME NOW??

SOB

IT'S OKAY! I'M JUST GOIN' TO SEE ABOUT A JOB, HONEY! HONEST! I'LL BE BACK TONIGHT! REALLY!!

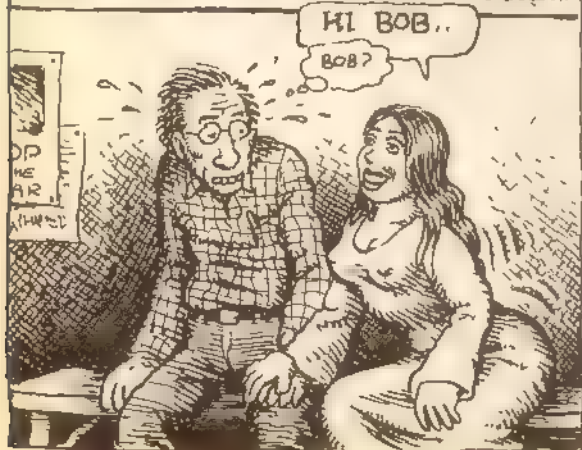
THE SAD PART WAS, I REALLY WAS JUST GOING TO SEE ABOUT A JOB!



WHEW! THIS BEING MARRIED IS A LITTLE BIT SUFFOCATING!

YOUNG GO-GETTER

THEN SOMETHING AMAZING HAPPENED IN MY BLEAK LIFE.. IN THE LATE 'SIXTIES I DID SOME LSD INSPIRED 'COMIX' WHICH MADE ME AN 'UNDERGROUND' CULT HERO.. BEAUTIFUL YOUNG 'HIPPIE CHICKS' BEGAN MAKING THEMSELVES AVAILABLE...



HI BOB..

BOB?

I COULDN'T BELIEVE THIS WAS HAPPENING TO ME! I WAS AWESTRUCK! DUMB-FOUNDED! TAKEN ABACK! HOW COULD SUCH GIRLS POSSIBLY LIKE A GAWKY GUY LIKE ME? IT SEEMED INCONGRUOUS!



Y-YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL..

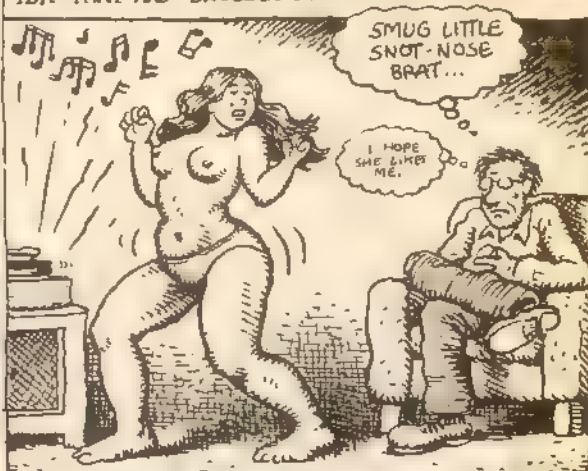
SO I'M BEAUTIFUL, SO WHAT??

HEY JUDE DON'T BE AFRAID TAKE A SAD SONG AND MAKE IT BETTER

THOSE WERE THE DAYS! GORGEOUS YOUNG THINGS WOULD SIT AT MY FEET, GAZING UP AT ME WITH STARRY EYED WONDER, HANGING ON MY EVERY WORD!



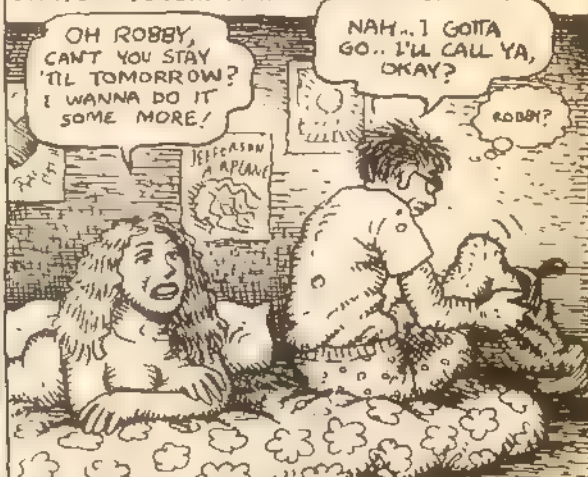
MY CONTEMPT FOR WOMEN WAS ONLY INCREASED WITH THE BITTER KNOWLEDGE, THAT THESE FORMER CHEERLEADERS AND SURFBUNNIES WERE THE SAME ILK THAT HAD SNUBBED ME IN HIGH SCHOOL...



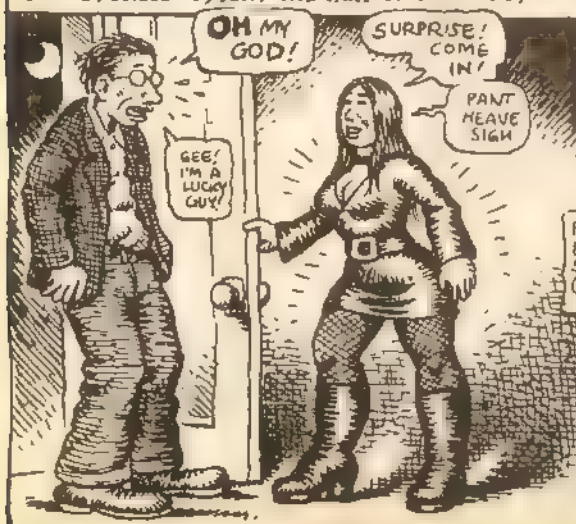
SO I BEGAN TO TAKE A CERTAIN PLEASURE IN RELEASING MY REPRESSED HOSTILITIES AND BIZARRE SEX FANTASIES ON THESE HAUGHTY BOOSHWAH FEMALES... ..CAUTIOUSLY AT FIRST..



BUT I BECAME MORE BRAZEN AS TIME WENT ON AND THE EVIDENCE PILED UP THAT MY "CUDDLY-VICIOUS" BEHAVIOR FANNED THE FLAMES OF PASSION, LUST, LOVE, ETC..... WHO CAN EXPLAIN IT?



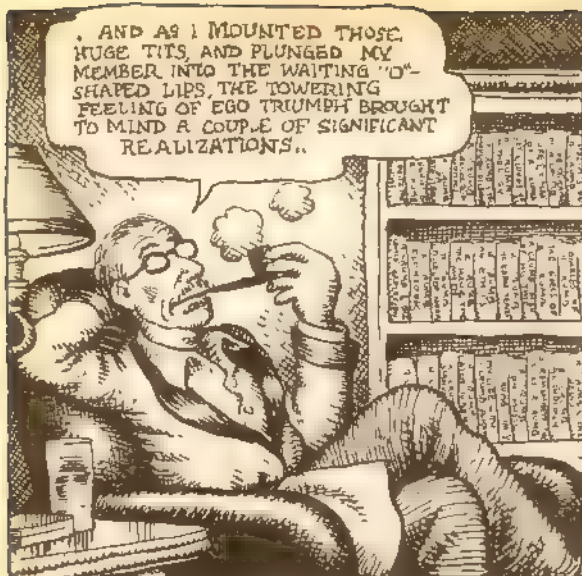
SOME GIRLS WOULD REALLY GET INTO MY FANTASIES, DRESS UP, PLAY THE PART TO THE HILT!



SOME GIRLS WENT EVEN FURTHER THAN THAT, THINKING UP INGENUOUSLY BIZARRE SEX GAMES BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS.



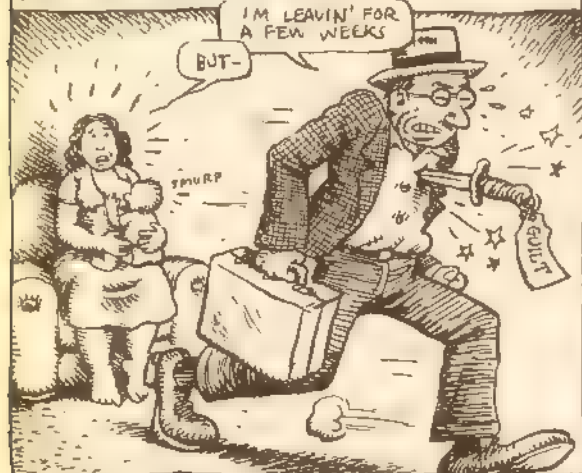
AND AS I MOUNTED THOSE HUGE TITS, AND PLUNGED MY MEMBER INTO THE WAITING "O"-SHAPED LIPS, THE TOWERING FEELING OF EGO TRIUMPH BROUGHT TO MIND A COUPLE OF SIGNIFICANT REALIZATIONS..



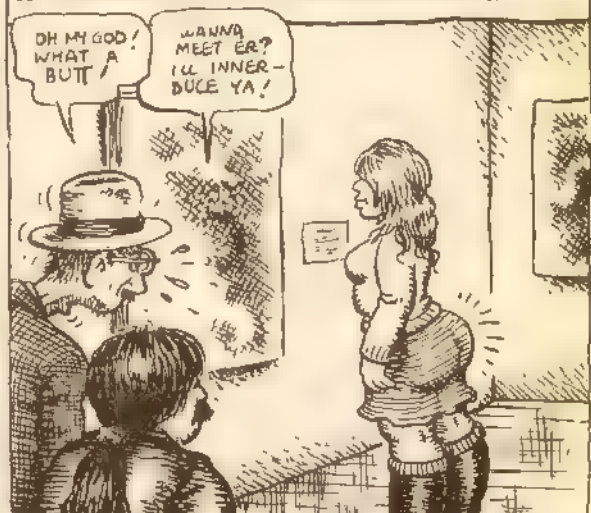
ONE; HUMAN BEHAVIOR NEVER CEASES TO BE AMAZING AND UNFATHOMABLE...TWO; LIFE'S FULL OF BITTER-SWEET IRONIES



FROM THAT POINT IN MY CAREER I TURNED INTO A REAL COCKY ASSHOLE. I WAS STILL LIVING WITH MY FIRST WIFE AND EVEN HAD A KID, BUT I DIDN'T STAY HOME VERY MUCH.



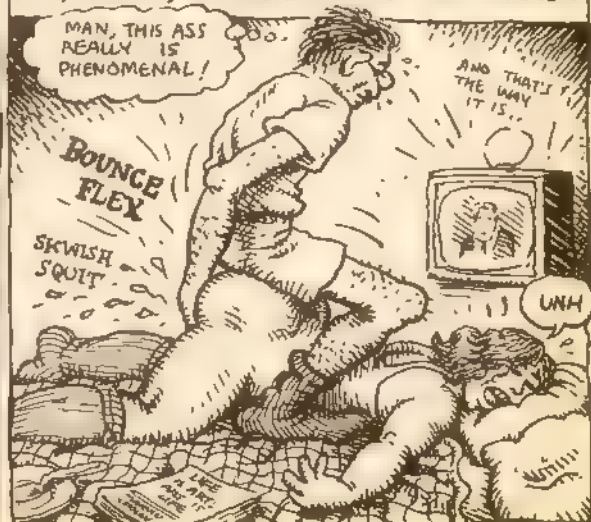
I PURSUED EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO MEET GIRLS... ART SHOWS WERE GOOD SCENES FOR THAT...



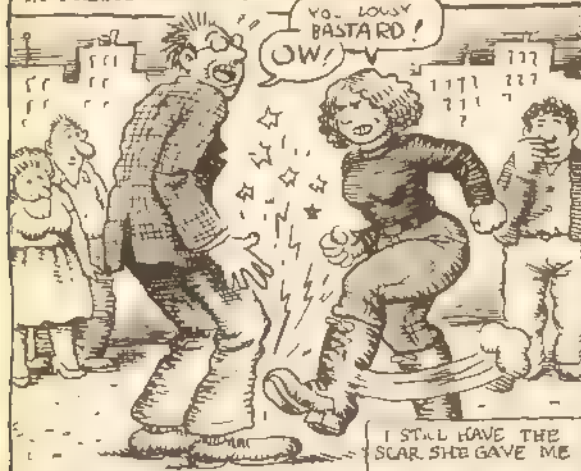
NATURALLY I GRAVITATED TOWARD WOMEN WHO WERE THEMSELVES ECCENTRIC BOHEMIAN ARTIST TYPES WITH QUIRKY IMPULSES.



...ONES THAT ENJOYED SPENDING HOURS WALLOWING, PLAYING, HORSING AROUND LIKE TWO PUES.



THE ONLY DRAWBACK TO THESE "ARTISTIC" WOMEN IS THAT THEY TEND TO BE SORT OF HIGH STRUNG AND CAUSE EMBARRASSING SCENES IN PUBLIC PLACES..



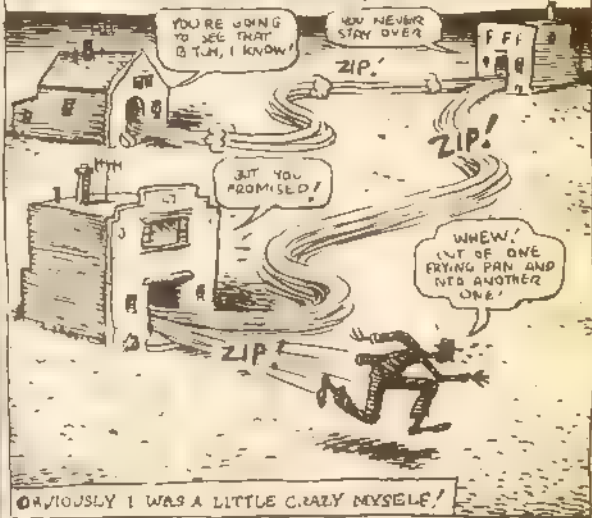
THERE WERE TEMPER TANTRUMS, FLARE UPS, FIGHTS... ALLA TIME UPS AND DOWNS..



HORRIBLE CRYING AND EMOTIONAL SCENES..



IT WAS ALWAYS ON THE LAMB, ESCAPING FROM ONE OF THESE MANIAC FEMALES TO ANOTHER..



IT WAS ABOUT THIS TIME THAT FEMINISM WAS COMING UP STRONG. 'SISTERHOOD' ADDED A NEW PERSPECTIVE TO THE GAME..

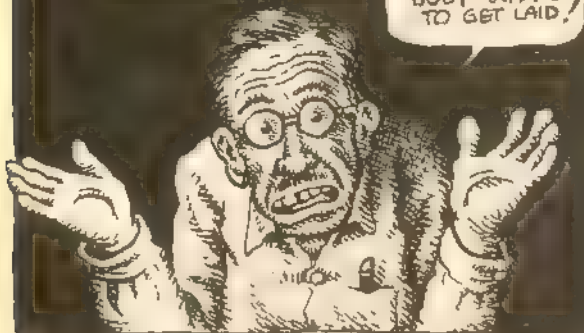


I ADMIT I WAS IRRESPONSIBLE... I TREATED WOMEN LIKE TOYS... I PLAYED WITH THEIR EMOTIONS AS WELL AS THEIR BODIES!



BUT I WILL SAY THIS TO ALL YOU FEMINIST GALS... THE TRUTH IS, YOU GOTTA BE A COCKY GUY IN THIS WORLD IF YOU WANNA GET LAID... ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE UGLY LIKE ME! YOU GOTTA BE SOME KINDA HOT SHOT OR OTHER, OR YOU JUST DO NOT GET LAID!

...AND LET'S FACE IT, EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET LAID!



ANYHOW, I TOOK MY PLEASURES AND THE DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST... WHICH REMINDS ME, THERE WERE THESE TWO CATHOLIC SCHOOL-GIRL CHUMS WHO HAD TURNED BOHEMIAN...

C'MERE CUTIE PIE!

THIS SWEET-THING ACT OF YOURS IS NAUSEATING, JANE, I MEAN, COME ON BLAH BLAH GRAPE HARANG...

OOH MAM CUD



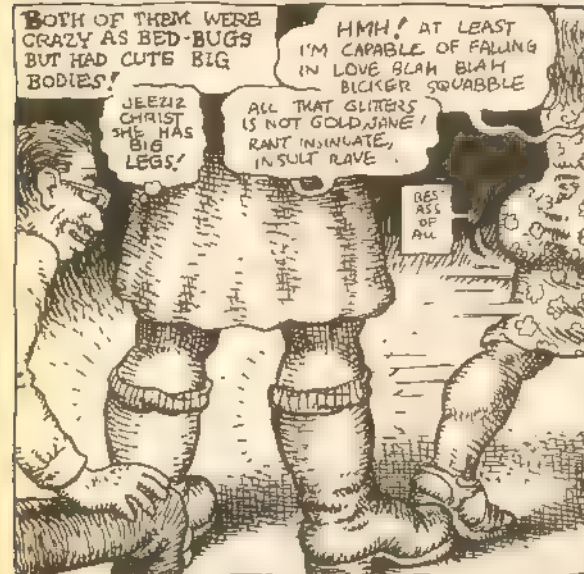
BOTH OF THEM WERE CRAZY AS BED-BUGS BUT HAD CUTE BIG BODIES!

HMH! AT LEAST I'M CAPABLE OF FALLING IN LOVE BLAH BLAH BICKER SQUABBLE

JEEZ! CHRIST SHE HAS BIG LEGS!

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD/JANE! RANT INSINUATE, INSULT RAVE

GES ASS OF ALL



HEY, DIG IT BITCH, WHEN I FEEL FOR A PERSON, I BLAH BLAH BLAH... (you want to go for a ride on my legs?)

THAT'S BULLSHIT YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO MAKE ME THINK YOU WANT TO GO FOR A RIDE ON MY LEGS? MAM BLAH MAM...

GIDDYUP HORSEY!



YES, I KNOW MY BEHAVIOR IS INFANTILE.

IT CAME TO THE POINT WHERE I FOUND THAT SOME GIRLS WILL LET YOU DO ANYTHING YOU WANT TO THEM IF THEY LIKE YOU ALOT!

LET'S SEE HOW FAR IN THIS WILL GO!

HEY, SHE'S GOOD!

GLMP

FLEXO-GIRL



IT WAS GETTING JADEO... BLAH-ZEY.. I STARTED HAVING STRANGE THOUGHTS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SEX ACT..

SHE'S CUTE, BUT... WE'RE JUST TWO BIG SWEATY ANIMALS GOING AT IT... LIKE COWS OR... PIGS...

UNH UNH!



I FELT A COLD HOLLOWNESS INSIDE...

IT WAS GETTING DIFFICULT TO MAINTAIN A HARD-ON IN CASUAL SEX ENCOUNTERS.. ALL THE HEART-ACHE, THE ANGUISH, WAS CATCHING UP WITH ME... MY NERVES WERE SHOT...



AND SO, I'VE MORE OR LESS SETTLED DOWN..I'M A GOOD BOY NOW, EXCEPT FOR A LITTLE FLIRTING ONCE IN A WHILE.. WHAT THE HECK, HUM?!



BUT Y'KNOW FOLKS, TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION THERE'S THIS NICE, MIDDLE-CLASS SUBURBAN FAMILY THAT WE GOT TO KNOW..DECENT, UPSTANDING CITIZENS ..A MOM AND DAD AND THREE LOVELY DAUGHTERS ..



THEY WERE INTRIGUED BY MY KEEN INTEREST IN THE "BEAN" EFFECT...



WHO EVER THOUGHT IT WOULD COME TO THIS ?? ALLS WELL THAT ENDS WELL, EH ??



END

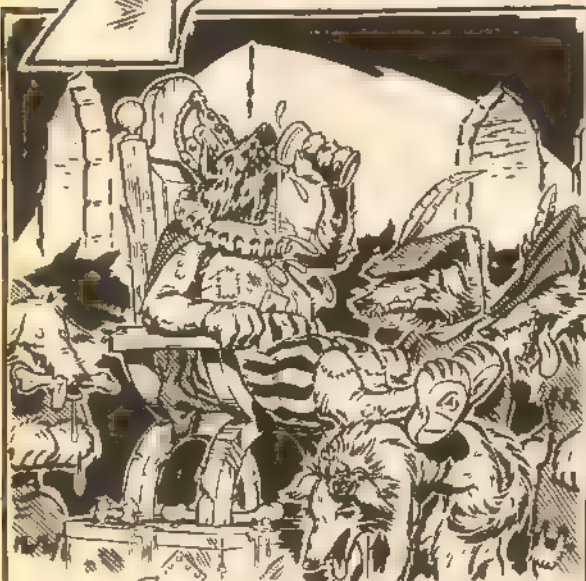
AT THE CHATEAU LA MOOK, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE RENOWNED ARTIST MONSIEUR FIGE MOOK, ABOVE THE DOOR APPEARS AN EMBLEM. THIS ODD HERALDIC DEVICE DEPICTS A DECAPITATED PARROT WITH SPREAD WINGS. THE MOTTO ACROSS THE BIRD'S TAIL READS: "I MOCK VERBATIM".

YEARS LATER, IN THE CONFIDENCE OF MADAM MOOK, THE FABLE OF THE HEADLESS PARROT WAS RELATED TO ME...



"I MOCK VERBATIM"

BY ROBT. WILLIAMS ©



... IN A DISTANT HINTERLAND PRESIDED A GREEDY HYENA KING, SOVEREIGN RULER OVER A PROVINCE OF LOWLY JACKALS.



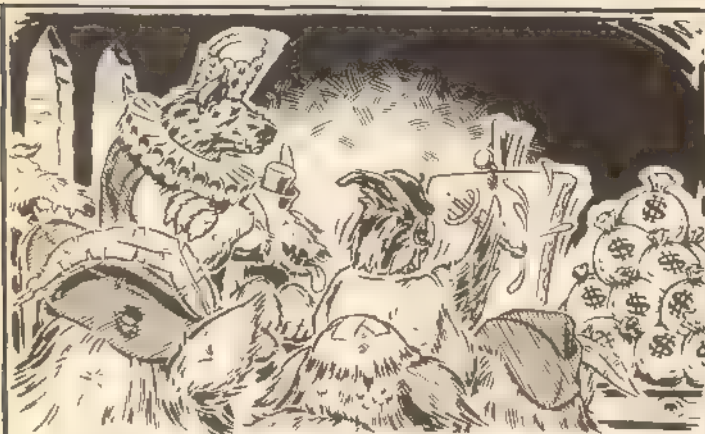
WORD ARRIVED TO THE KING ONE DAY THAT IN ONE OF HIS EARLDOMS, LABORED A PARROT PAINTER THAT COULD COPY SOMETHING SO FAITHFULLY THAT THE PAINTING WOULD BECOME REAL. HEARING THIS, THE PARROT ARTIST WAS IMMEDIATELY SUMMONED TO THE HYENA'S COURT.



THE PARROT WAS ORDERED TO PAINT FOUR POMEGRANATES THAT SAT ON A TABLE BEFORE HIM.



IN A MOMENT THE PARROT RENDERED THE FOUR POMEGRANATES WITH SUCH FIDELITY THEY BECAME EIGHT.



THE COURT MARVELED, BUT THE HYENA KING SAW MUCH GREATER POSSIBILITIES AVAILABLE, AND ORDERED TEN BAGS OF GOLD PLACED BEFORE THE PARROT.



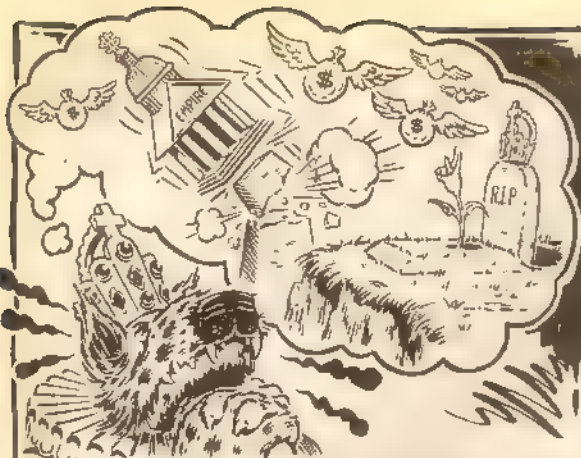
IN A FEW MOMENTS THERE SAT TWENTY BAGS OF GOLD.



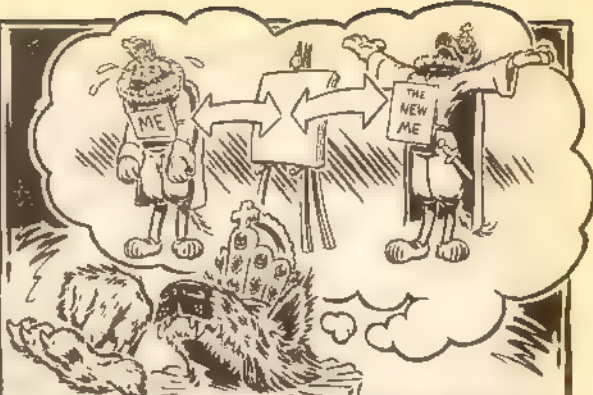
IN A COUPLE A MONTHS THE KING HAD HIS SMALL FINANCIAL RESERVES MULTIPLIED MANY THOUSAND FOLD & HIS KINGDOM EXPANDED INTO A VAST EMPIRE.



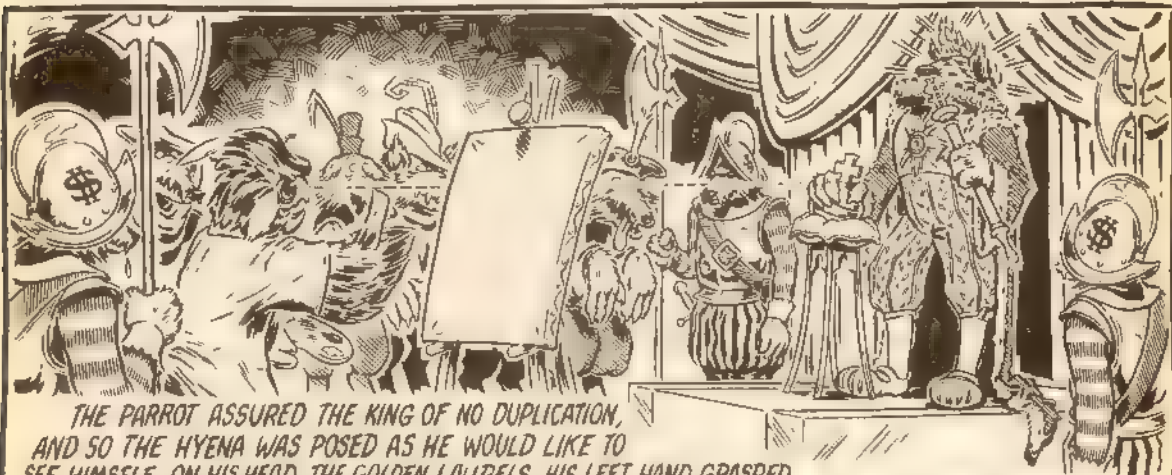
A FEW YEARS PASSED & THE EMPEROR HAD A DISTURBING THOUGHT COME TO MIND...



...HE WASN'T GOING TO LIVE FOREVER! IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO DIE & MISS POSSIBLE NEW HOLDINGS, SO HE FIGURED OUT A MOST LOGICAL SOLUTION.



WHY NOT GET THE PARROT TO REGENERATE HIM THROUGH A PAINTING? WHEN THE PARROT PAINTED SOMETHING, IT ALWAYS LOOKS BETTER THAN THE ORIGINAL. HE WOULD TAKE ON THE FORM ONLY FROM THE CANVAS AND AVOID BEING DUPLICATED.



THE PARROT ASSURED THE KING OF NO DUPLICATION, AND SO THE HYENA WAS POSED AS HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIMSELF. ON HIS HEAD, THE GOLDEN LAURELS. HIS LEFT HAND GRASPED THE SCEPTER. HIS RIGHT HAND RESTED ON THE SOLID GOLD ORB WHICH SAT ON A NARROW TABLE BEFORE HIM.



THE PORTRAIT WAS FINISHED & THE TRANSITION COMPLETE, BUT THE HYENA HAD HIS FOOT POSED BEHIND THE SMALL TABLE IN FRONT OF HIM & FROM THE PAINTER'S VIEW, HAD CUT OFF HIS FOOT!



THERE WAS NO PAIN BUT THE HYENA WAS INSENSIBLE. HE DEMANDS THAT THE PARROT IMMEDIATELY RIGHT THIS WRONG!



THE ARTIST PAINTED ANOTHER PORTRAIT BUT IT WAS NO USE, THE PARROT COULD ONLY COPY & THE MONARCH HYENA REMAINED CRIPPLE. THE HYENA, IN A BLIND RAGE ORDERED THE PARROT BEHEADED!



MUCH TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE HYENA EMPEROR & JACKAL COURT, THE HEADLESS PARROT JUMPED AROUND LIKE A SLAUGHTERED CHICKEN...



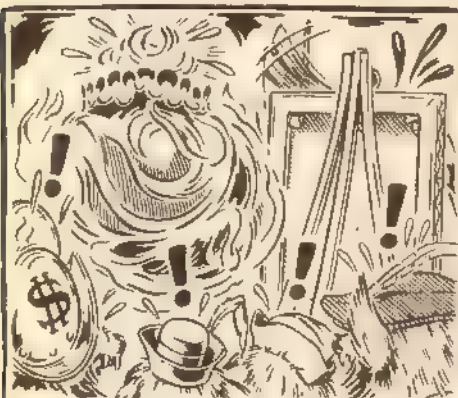
... AND THEN REGAINED HIMSELF & WENT BACK TO PAINT ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE KING!



THIS PORTRAIT WAS JUST LIKE THE LAST, BUT IT SEEMED OUT OF FOCUS & OF COURSE THE HYENA ASSUMED THIS IMAGE.



AND THEN ANOTHER PAINTING, THIS TIME THERE WAS MORE DISTORTION. WAVY FORMS REPLACED SOLID SHAPES, AND THE HYENA CHANGED AGAIN.



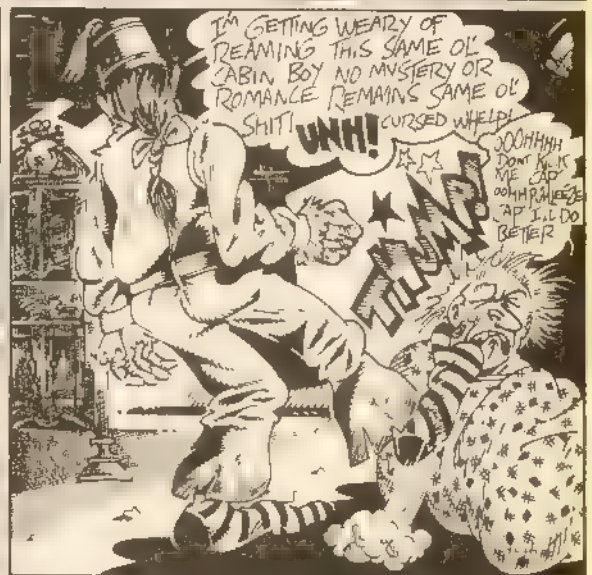
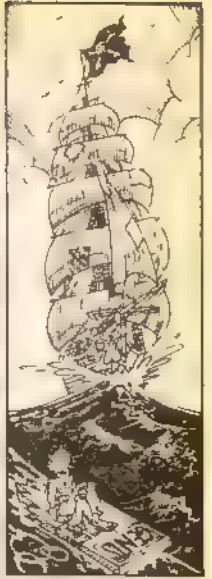
THE JACKAL COURT WATCHED IN HORROR AS THE HEADLESS PARROT COPIED CANVAS AFTER CANVAS. EACH TIME THE HYENA WAS A MORE MEANINGLESS SHAPE.



PARALYZED WITH FEAR, THE JACKALS WITNESSED THEIR SOVEREIGN EMPEROR DISSOLVE INTO A FORMLESS ILLUSION.

MOOK'S POINT WAS "THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A LOT OF PARROTS PAINTING KINGS, BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO LOSE YOUR HEAD TO PROVE YOU'RE THE MOST UNIMAGINATIVE SON-OF-A-BITCH THAT EVER LIVED!"

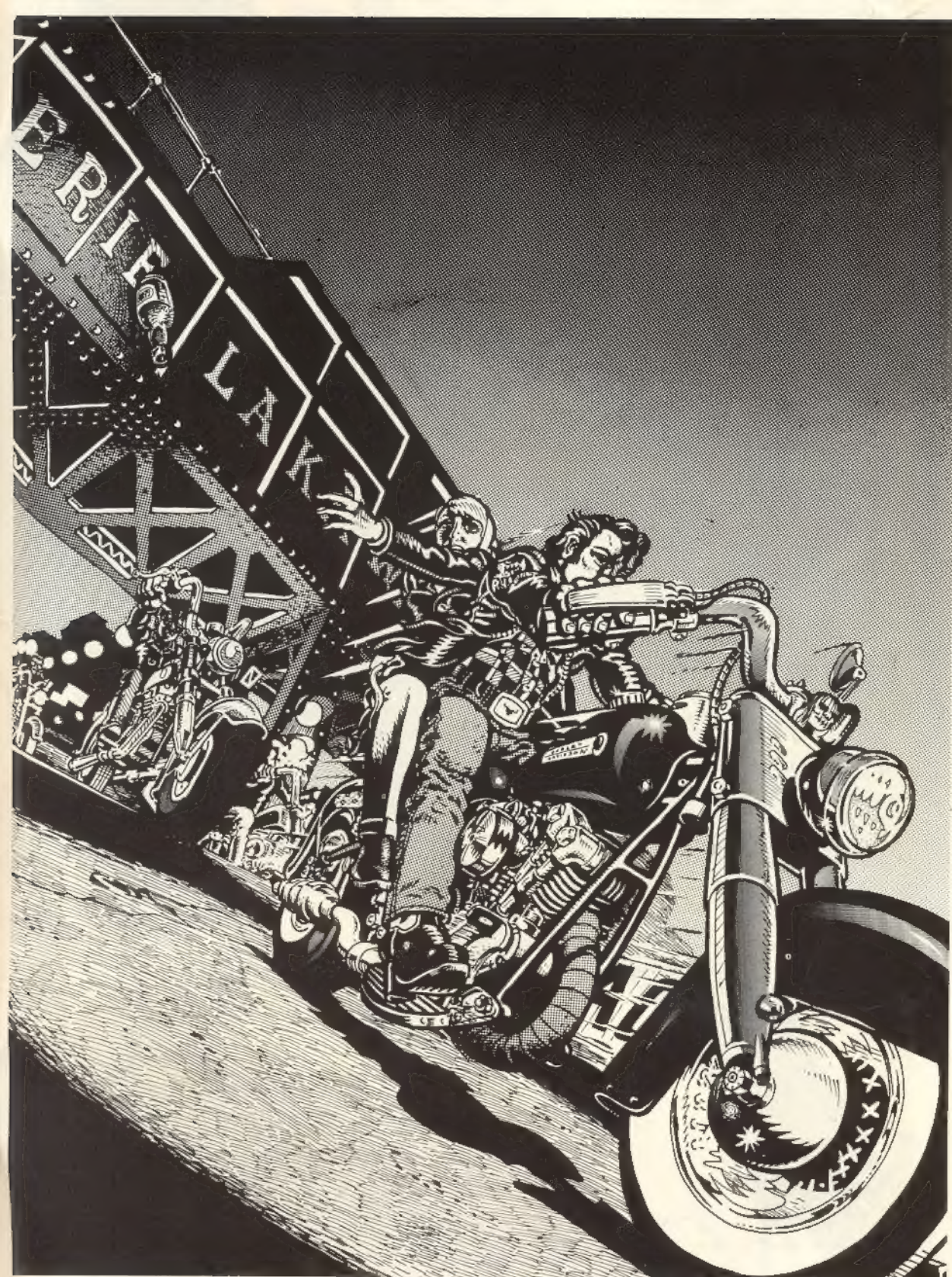
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